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Next Week

QUESTION: What Panamanian-born ballplayer throws right, bats left and has a .323 lifetime average? And why is Roy Blount Jr. writing about him? Answers: a) Rod Carew of the Twins, b) because it's will-he-hit-.400? time again.

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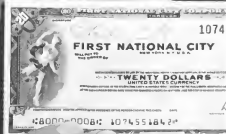
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Shopwalk

by J.D. REED

Say you've decided to redecorate the den, do away with that worn collection of New York Jet football helmets made into lamps, the beer company sign with a rippling trout stream, the homecoming programs, the pennants, buttons and ticket stubs to World Series games. Where could you find something, oh, say, "natural" and sportsmanlike? The place is called the Collector's Cabinet, with headquarters on New York's Madison Avenue and boutiques in some 250 department stores across the country. The store sells butterflies, shells, minerals, petrified wood, fossils and items of natural history ranging from the delicately beautiful to the profoundly bizarre.

For example, you might want to replace that 1939 World's Fair ashtray with a Chinese ox horn—eight inches of polished, mainly naturalism for a mere \$15. You can throw out the white-tail rack your uncle gave you when he moved into a trailer and pick up a Malaysian deer antler (naturally shed, of course) for \$30, including black Lucite base.

How about a giant ostrich egg (\$15) for the bar? Makes 300 gin fizzes. And you can stuff in the garbage that sailfish your buddy

MOTHER EARTH FOR SALE—ONLY \$4.50 (PLUS TAX), INCLUDING A LUCITE STAND

stole from a cocktail lounge in Sarasota. A modest and elegant sawfish beak from Taiwan (\$25) will do as neatly and makes a unique letter opener, if you practice.

The store's biggest seller is a chambered nautilus shell (\$5), which looks like a giant's ingrown toenail. "We ordered 20,000 last fall," says store founder and owner Jerome Eisenberg, "and they'll be gone soon." Eisenberg is quick to point out that his *Nautilus pompilius* is a common Philippine food item, not the endangered species of the French islands to the south.

Another popular den decoration is the vicious South American piranha. Its protruding lower jaw is filled with serrated teeth. Amazon natives gut the fish, put in glass eyes, touch up the belly with a more than lifelike

orange and then lacquer the whole thing. When it is mounted on a wooden base, a varnished piranha (\$10-\$20) makes a breathtaking swizzle-stick holder.

Collector's Cabinet offers massive butterflies (up to \$50) and fossils of fish and crustaceans (up to \$750), a sea urchin (\$10), a spiny blowfish (\$3.50); and an all-time favorite of African hunters that authenticates any den, a brace of elephant dung beetles attractively displayed in a Lucite box (\$10).

It may seem strange for a store to sell the castoff and dead—skin, bones, cartilage, shells—of the natural world, but at least these things are being reused, a cycle formerly reserved for aluminum pop-top cans. The beauty of a mounted cluster of giant acorn barnacles (\$10) far outclasses a painting of a weeping clown, and using the shell of a chambered nautilus that was eaten with sweet and sour sauce in Manila gives one a better feeling toward such an item. Soon things may progress so far that we end up with stores selling puffs of cotton and wool in Lucite cases to folks dressed all in polyester; and who wouldn't want, in the year 2,000, a big, varnished beef steer on a walnut stand to grace the den? **END**

BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

Did you know that beneath the fiery exterior Leo Durocher presents to the world three beats a heart of mush? I confess that I didn't, but after reading his autobiography, *Nice Guys Finish Last* (Simon and Schuster, \$9.95), written in collaboration with the ubiquitous Ed Lin, I'm convinced of it.

Everyone knows what a tough guy Durocher is. The very phrase, "Nice guys finish last," got him into Bartlett's as the personification of hard-boiled nastiness. His nearly five decades in and out of big-league baseball seemed to confirm the image: fights, suspensions, umpire bating, nocturnal misadventures, expletives undecoded. For anyone who followed baseball between the late '20s and the early '70s, the mere mention of his name conjures up an image of nonstop combativeness.

Now it appears that we will have to do some conjuring of a different order, for the Leo Durocher whom we meet in *Nice Guys Finish Last* oozes the milk of human kindness. He is, for example, a man bound to hearth and home: "I am a very domestic person at heart. I am never happier than when I have the warmth of a family around me." He is also an inspirational leader: "... I stepped back down and wanted for the play-

LEO TOOK 50 YEARS TO ADMIT HE'S SWEET, AND NICE GUYS CAN FINISH FIRST

ers to come in. 'Fellows,' I said, 'you've done just a hell of a job all year long. I'm proud of every one of you. We've got three whacks at them, boys! It's not over yet. Let's go out there and give them all we got, and let's leave that ball field, win or lose, with our heads in the air.'

"The players responded, all as one, in a chorus of yells! 'Yeah, they still got to get us out. They haven't got us out yet.' And the last thing I heard as I was going up the stairs was Eddie Stanky yelling, 'Let's win it for Leo.'"

If that doesn't get you right in the old ticker, consider what a loyal friend Durocher is. Sidney Weil, onetime owner of the Reds, is called by Leo "the nicest, kindest man I have ever known." Branch Rickey was "the great man in my life." Ed Barrow of the Yankees

was "the best friend I had in baseball." Phil Wrigley "is simply the finest man to work for in the world." And as for Frank Sinatra, well, words simply fail Durocher: "I guess you could say Frank is the average guy who nearly died at birth and continues to spend the rest of his life trying to pay rent for his spot on earth and chapping in for a lot of others. He saw his dream early in life and followed it until he landed in the pot at the end of his rainbow."

And so it goes, for 448 sanctimonious pages. To be sure, there's a lapse here and there, such as his repeated references to "colored" ballplayers or his description of Willie Mays as "some kind of boy" or his attempt to fob off his own failure as manager of the Cubs on Ron Santo and Ernie Banks—but those are only lapses. The real Leo Durocher, the dandy little manager with the solid-gold heart, shines through.

Curiously enough, if you can put up with all the glop, *Nice Guys Finish Last* is entertaining reading. It's the Durocher version, of course, and upon occasion has interpretation of events is open to question; but the man has been through a lot of baseball and a lot of excitement, and he has a lot of good stories to tell. Between sniffs, that is. **END**



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Footloose

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

FORBES WAS BOUND TO BOMB, SHOT DOWN BY AN AIRPLANE IF NOTHING ELSE

Publisher-Balloonist Malcolm S. Forbes' *Windborne* (SE, Dec. 16), the million-dollar aerostatic creation that was to carry him across the Atlantic last January, has finally made it to France. The crossing, alas, was not made at 40,000 feet, waiving through the jet stream as Forbes had planned, but unconsciously in the belly of a jumbo jet. Forbes' dream of accomplishing a feat that has defied and killed numerous balloonists with the decision to install *Windborne* in his ballooning museum in Normandy.

The museum, which opened last month with fanfare and considerably more champagne than launched the ill-fated *Windborne*, is located on the grounds of Forbes' Chateau de Bailleville, the 50-room castle he bought in 1970 from the surviving member of the family that built it in 1626. Forbes restored much of the interior to its original grandeur before opening the museum to the public. The chateau's magnificent stone work, formal gardens, gilded ceilings, exquisite art collection and proximity (19 miles) to the D-Day beaches in Normandy assure that it will be a popular tourist attraction.

"There has never been a museum devoted entirely to ballooning," Forbes says, "and certainly there could be no better location for one than France where the Montgolfier brothers launched the first free-flight balloon in 1783. The extraordinary part of all this is that at the time I bought the chateau I wasn't even into ballooning." But that changed shortly thereafter. In 1973 Forbes set six world records in the sport and became the first person ever to cross the U.S. in a single balloon, named *Chateau de Bailleville*. The 63-foot blue-and-gold aerostat is on display in the museum complex Forbes built last year, along with a diverse collection of artifacts, books, prints, films and other balloon memorabilia, much of it on indefinite loan from the French government.

Visitors (the \$2 admission includes entry to the chateau and grounds) will see only *Windborne*'s one-ton gondola. The 13 Mylar meteorological-type balloons which were to have carried it aloft have long since settled into the mountains southeast of Los Angeles. When the launching system, which was to have released them at intervals, failed, thus rocketing all the balloons into the air at once with the gondola dragging dangerously out of control behind, the balloons were severed from the gondola by an emergency release. Had they not been, it seems

certain that *Windborne*'s occupants, Forbes and scientist Thomas Hentschler, would have perished. What had seemed so foolproof on the drawing boards proved in practice to have fatal flaws.

"With all the expertise that went into the airborne part of the flight, nobody had foreseen that the launching system was inadequate," Forbes says. "At first I thought we could make another attempt since the gondola was not structurally damaged and we had extra Mylar for an additional set of balloons. But when we began assembling information on what had actually happened, it cast a whole new light on the project."

"First we heard from people on a TWA flight that they spotted the balloons exploding somewhere around 45,000 to 50,000 feet. Since the balloons were pressurized at 40,000 feet, we assume their accelerated and uncontrolled rise coupled with no weight load were responsible. Unfortunately attempts to recover the remains of the balloons, both by helicopter and horse, failed because of their weight and the terrain in which they came down. We had no choice but to leave them, though we did bring out the rigging. Their condition told us something none of the tests had anticipated. As the balloons rose in their respective clusters, they moved in and out in such a way that their riggings became interwoven as tightly as if they had been crocheted. Each individual rigging was threaded with over a mile of electrical wiring connected to a broad range of sensors and controls. As a result of the weaving action, many of the electrical connections had been severed at their bases. In addition, six of the riggings contained mechanical cutters to eventually release balloons from the gondola for descent. The wiring for these was also severed. Had we by some miracle—and it would have been a miracle—made it to France, when we pulled the switch to descend nothing would have happened. Short of having aircraft literally shoot the balloons down, we would have been up there for good."

"When all the facts were in, we had no choice but to suspend the project. That doesn't mean that it couldn't be resumed again at some future date. Du Pont has developed a fabric, Kevlar, that has five times the strength of steel. The U.S. and French space agencies are both trying to develop a balloon from Kevlar, believing it would be more durable than Mylar at high altitudes. Who knows? *Windborne*'s life-support and communications systems are in working order. In a couple of years it might be possible to hook her up to a single Kevlar balloon strong enough to carry her across the Atlantic."

"In the meantime," Forbes adds, "we have replaced the wall we broke through to get *Windborne* into the museum with a temporary one—just in case."

By P

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52-E

SCORECARD

Edited by BOB OTTUM

SUITABLE DISPUTE

In a letter received the other morning by AAU executive director Ollan Cassell, lawyers for Asdic-Arena Co., U.S. distributor of Arena swimwear, accused the sports body of sanctioning the "violation of antitrust principles." No manufacturer had the right to "attempt to force its product onto the amateur," the letter asserted, adding that amateur athletes should enjoy "freedom to select the equipment with which they compete."

What was upsetting Arena was the AAU's selection of rival Speedo—in return for \$5,000 a year—to continue providing the official swimsuit for U.S. teams. Australia-based Speedo has long been the No. 1 outfitter in big-time swimming, the latest evidence coming at this year's NCAA championships, where 70 of the 74 finalists wore the suits. Largely responsible for these numbers is Bill Lee, Speedo's resourceful general manager for North America, who tirelessly wooed swim coaches, 34 of whom serve on the company's advisory board, and passes out free swimwear to the sport's top performers.

Despite Lee's efforts, Arena has recently been giving Speedo a run for it. The Adidas subsidiary has signed Mark Spitz and Shane Gould for endorsements and has been making a mighty splash in Europe. It paid the organizers for permission to put the world championship symbol on its suits next month at Cali, Colombia, and it bought the right to outfit the U.S. divers and the water polo and synchronized swimming teams.

The fact that some U.S. competitors at Cali will be clad in Speedo and others in Arena is just one of many anomalies. Another is that many of the coaches on Speedo's advisory board (plus a few signed up by Arena) sit on the very AAU committees that select U.S. team uniforms. But Asdic-Arena's claim that somebody is forcing swimwear on U.S. athletes is not quite right. The AAU naturally wants its teams dressed in a uniform that is uniform, but Aquatics Ad-

ministrator Lynn Jamison says, "If a swimmer insists on wearing another suit, there's nothing to stop him." Indeed, at the 1974 U.S.-East Germany meet, Shirley Babashoff competed in a Rabbellastic suit while the rest of the team wore official red, white and blue Speedos.

But then, the Arena folks probably knew that all along.

WIN, PLACE AND WHOA

She may not have been fastest in the field, but Dual Purpose has a lot of heart, as they say in racing. Minutes after the 3-year-old filly had finished 10th in a 12-horse race at California's Golden Gate Fields, she hobbled wearily back to her stall and delivered a foal. Trainer Jann Bachelore gave her a look of utter surprise. "There definitely was no sign that the horse was pregnant," he said. One would like to think that Dual Purpose gave him a look of utter reproach.

THE FAN DANCER

It makes one feel warm all over to note Philadelphia's civic pride in its Stanley Cup champions, an emotion that sweeps right to the marquee of the Troc burlesque house. One of the strippers is now billed as Phyllis Fire.

ARNIE'S BLIGHTY ARMY

The Ryder Cup, that bi-annual golfing competition between pros from Great Britain and the U.S., will be staged this September in Ligonier, Pa., not far from Arnold Palmer's front porch. This is fitting, since Palmer is captain of the U.S. team. But here come the ironies. First, it appears that Palmer will be a nonplaying captain because he has not accumulated enough Ryder points, i.e., played well enough to be one of the 12 pros chosen. Which brings us to the fact that Palmer recently trekked to Europe for the Spanish Open and the British PGA Championship, both of which he won. Thus he not only became the leading money-winner on the European circuit, but picked up enough Ryder Cup points—British

version—to head Great Britain's team. Naturally, Palmer cannot play for Great Britain, nor can his British points be added to the points he earned in this country. Which leaves us with one consolation: it should at least be psychologically upsetting to the British to know that their best player is captain of the U.S. team.

THEY CALL HIM MR. 400

It has been slightly more than a year now since the bombastic Andy Granatelli left auto racing, having built STP to a status just this side of Coca-Cola—and taking care at the same time to sell himself as one of the most colorful characters in sport. That part was easy enough, since Granatelli is a man of giant passions. He spent 23 futile years trying to win the Indy 500 and when his car finally did so in 1969, he scooped up tiny Mario Andretti and gave him the world's most crushing kiss in a scene that fans will never forget, then plopped his driver back into the race car like a victorious rag doll.

Granatelli has retired to Florida where he tends his portfolio, which is a bit like letting a natural resource go to waste. Still, since he is only 50 and full of fire, someone surely ought to sign him up and send him off on another career. Mean-



while, the big man is not idle. His new passion is dieting.

Andy won't reveal the exact weight he once packed, but his suit coat was size 56 and his waist measured 55 inches. Today he is down to a 39-inch waist and a size-48 coat, having lost 80 pounds. In a couple of weeks he'll hit his goal of losing exactly 100 pounds and then he intends to write the ultimate diet book. After all, "none of those doctors who tell you how to lose weight have ever lost

continued

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anything like an even hunner, right?"

It wouldn't be sporting to reveal all of Andy's dieting secrets, but this one won't hurt: "You start out at breakfast eating one lousy soft-boiled egg, which you boil too hard, and then you don't put any salt on it, which makes it taste even worse. After a few days of that junk you add a little salt and it tastes so good you're ashamed to eat it." Andy used to breakfast on a minimum of three fried eggs, slabs of ham, toast, jelly, bagels and lox, and occasionally gained three to four pounds per meal.

The change is as stunning as going from one of Granatelli's gigantic old Novi race cars to a sleek new turbine. In fact, perhaps the svelter new Andy should un-retire back into racing. This time everybody would be able to tell which one is the car.

BYE, BYE BIRDS

Whether the Baltimore Orioles? Not the team. The birds. Two years ago the mighty American Ornithologists Union announced that it was stripping the Baltimore Oriole of its status as a separate species and now along comes the American Birding Association with a similar downgrading. That group's updated field guide lists the black and orange whistler as the "Northern Oriole," and cites interbreeding with the Bullock's Oriole, a Western species, as clouding the family line.

This direct aspersion notwithstanding, Maryland's tourist department has indicated it will not budge, pointing out that the Baltimore Oriole has been the official state bird since 1947. Let's hope it stays that way; this morals rap is just a cheap shot.

EVERYBODY WINS

That old refrain about gamblers being born losers is familiar enough—but it ain't necessarily so, says one expert who should know. Professor Felicia Florio-Campbell teaches English literature at the University of Nevada, the state that betting built, and she allows that, if anything, gambling is a resource, a tranquilizer and a psychological training ground for creative thinking.

"Gambling has served us well," says Or. Campbell. "It is an outlet for the bruised and insulted adventurer within us. Part of ourselves lusts for change, wooing the unknown, and it sends us both to the gaming tables and the moon."

This sort of stand will save a lot of horse-playing and crap-shooting consciences, particularly Or. Campbell's theory about creative thinking. "The gambler feels that if he wins he has in some way controlled his world," she says. "If he loses, it is simply a tough break." True. Especially if the creative thinker had bet the rent money.

STEREO BOUNCE

The Great Excesses of the Modern World award goes this week to the National Table-Tennis League, which is fiercely proud of its new official Ping-Pong table. In production even now, the table will be used exclusively at all NTTL pro matches.

This is no old green and white job. The new table is royal blue with red stripes and features a blue net with white piping. But that's mere cosmetics—the real overkill comes with the table's construction: laminated woods, hollow aluminum core—and implanted microphones to amplify the sound of balls striking the surface. This is supposed to improve player response, says the NTTL, adding that the table will cost \$25,000. Paddles are extra.

THE LUSH LIFE

This is not to imply that major-leaguers are getting soft, but one authoritative source points out that, in terms of team refreshments, they now prefer soda pop, milk and orange juice. This information comes from Mike Morris, who manages the visiting clubhouse for the Chicago White Sox, serving up food and drink, among other duties. Such teams as the Baltimore Orioles now consume only one case of beer per game, Morris says. Far cry from his favorite, a large outfielder who obviously was of the old school. "He tipped \$20 a day during a series," Morris recalls, "and the only thing he ever asked was that you keep a case of beer in his locker. He never ate. He just drank."

ALL-ELECTRIC LOB

Evidence continues to mount that computers are sneakily taking over everything, and here is more . . . well, more input to confirm it. Intrigued by long-standing arguments over who are the best tennis players of all time, Dallas radio executive Gordon McLendon is polling authorities in the sport to find their choices, dating back to 1920. Each ballot will

list eight top men and eight top women, dead or alive. The selections will then go to officials of World Championship Tennis, who will tabulate entries, seed the players and draw up a schedule of seven matches. Back go the lists to the authorities who this time will pick a winner in each imaginary match and give set-by-set scores. That's where the computer comes in: the whole shebang will be punched in and the computer will produce consensus winners. Printouts in hand, McLendon will re-create all the matches in a series of radio broadcasts, acting as if each match were being played on Centre Court at Wimbledon. Every effort will be made to keep final winners secret, he says. And one more thing: if you disagree with the programmed results, don't go crying to McLendon. Go kick the computer.

SETTING THE HOOK

Goodwill is one thing, but when a state needs revenue like, say, Maine, a few grumbles won't hurt. That's why Governor James B. Longley signed a bill killing the state's traditional courtesy hunting and fishing licenses. From here on in, everybody pays the \$6.50 resident and \$15.50 nonresident fishing fee, even U.S. customs officials who had been trading free angling favors with their counterparts along the Canadian border. Last year, 427 courtesy hunting and fishing licenses went out to a mix of visitors, from outdoor writers publicizing Maine to such notables as Ted Williams and Stan Musial. Estimated revenue will be only about \$25,000 a year. It won't balance the budget, but it's a start.

THEY SAID IT

- Al McGuire, basketball coach at Marquette, on producing winners: "I want my teams to have my personality—surely, obnoxious and arrogant."
- Paul Anderson, 373-pound weight lifter: "Sure, I was once a 97-pound weakling. When I was four years old."
- Brian Vriesman, 6'5" Hope College forward, on who had the most influence on his basketball career: "My six-foot mother."
- Rene Riera, Cuban jockey, on choosing that career: "My friend Robert Delgado was a jockey. I saw that he drove a big Cadillac and had lots of girls."
- Danny Ozark, Philadelphia Phillies manager, on his rightfielder: "Mike Anderson's limitations are limitless." **END**



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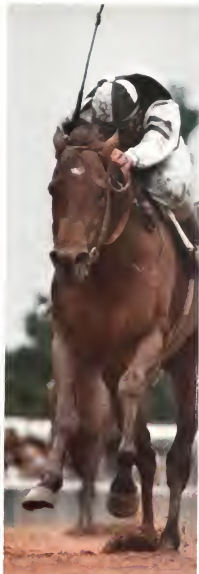
AND NOW IT'S AVATAR

This year's Triple Crown was split three ways when a lightly bet colt from California outraced Foolish Pleasure to the wire in the testing Belmont **by WHITNEY TOWER**

Most of the owners of the nine 3-year-olds in last week's 107th running of the Belmont Stakes were holding cautious but optimistic court while feasting from a sumptuous buffet that the track provides on Belmont Day. Among them was Arthur A. Seeligson Jr., the 54-year-old San Antonio oil investor whose tricky yellow, orange, brown and white silks have been carried this spring by his impressive chestnut colt Avatar. "If this was a horse show," joked Seeligson, "we'd win the blue. But a mile-and-a-half race is another matter. Still, I've brought in three dry hoes this year, so I figure this might be our day."

The majority of the bettors in the crowd of 60,321 didn't see it that way. They went big, as expected, on Foolish Pleasure, who had won the Kentucky Derby and then lost a somewhat controversial Preakness to Master Derby. And they also bet surprisingly heavily on Prince

continued



Rounding the far turn, Diablo (FM) and white-faced Master Derby fell behind Avatar, who is followed by Foolish Pleasure.







Preservation Hall Band plays before race.

BELMONT continued

Thou Art, who since a memorable victory over Foolish Pleasure in the Florida Derby has not finished better than third. But Avatar was ignored, so much so that when he sprang from the gate into the demanding world of a mile-and-a-half race his odds were a fat 13 to 1.

But once the gate opened, the combination of Avatar's breeding and guts, the confident training of Tommy Doyle and a spectacular display of horsemanship by Jockey Bill Shoemaker was enough to bring the Seeligson team victory by a narrowing neck over Foolish Pleasure. For 43-year-old Shoemaker, who in his 26 years of race-riding has amassed purses totaling some \$55 million and has had close to 6,900 winners, including more than 100 \$100,000 races (all world records), his fifth Belmont Stakes victory was a pure and exquisite exhibition of the professional jockey at his very best.

One false move by the mighty little man would have given Foolish Pleasure the victory, and with it, most likely, a lock on the 1975 3-year-old championship for colts. But Avatar's win divided the Triple Crown three ways and confirmed at least two earlier judgments. One is that this crop of 3-year-olds is indeed a good, solid, healthy and competitive one. A second is that they are going to continue to give racegoers some highly interesting races late in the season—the Travers at Saratoga, for example, and the Marlboro Cup and Woodward at Belmont in the fall. That's when these youngsters may experience the dubious pleasure of tackling the older horses, notably Forego, the 1974 Horse of the Year. And maybe they'll meet a lady named Ruffian, too.

There is a natural fascination in every running of the Belmont, for it is always the first time that any of its entrants have been asked to go 12 furlongs, a distance far more popular in England, Ireland and on the Continent than in America. And last Saturday's renewal had an added sparkle because all the chief contenders from the Kentucky Derby and Preakness were back for Round Three. As LeRoy Jolley, who trains Foolish Pleasure, said, "Usually the Belmont comes up with one or two standouts and not much else. This year it isn't that way at all. You've got six Derby winners [Florida, Louisiana, California, Kentucky, Santa Anita and Jersey] who have survived the winter and spring races, plus that Burch man." The last reference was to a colt by Ribot named Nalees Rialto who is trained by Elliott Burch for Mrs. George M. Humphrey and Paul Mellon. Burch had already won three Belmonts (with Sword Dancer, Quadrangle and Arts and Letters), and he said during Belmont Week, "Nalees Rialto reminds me somewhat of Arts and Letters, and I think he's got some ability."

All of the owners felt they belonged in the Belmont and had a decent shot at winning it. Said John Russell, who trains Singh for Cynthia Phipps and Hal Price Headley Jr., "This colt had a rough trip and some excuses in the Preakness, in which he finished sixth. But he ran back so well in winning the Jersey Derby that we've got to give him a chance. This is one of those years when a lot of colts have a chance, Singh included."

Prince Thou Art's trainer and owner were not exuding confidence, but they were not gloomy, either. Trainer Lou Rondinello had to admit that the son of Hail to Reason and the champion mare Primonetta "wasn't himself in Kentucky, where he ran third in the Blue Grass and sixth in the Derby, and was only about 75% of himself in the Preakness, in which he finished fourth. But now he's much better and should improve with the blinkers he's been using in his Belmont works. He's just had the two best works of his career, so it gives us some hope." Added Owner John Gailbreath, "If Prince Thou Art runs back to his Florida Derby, he might easily win the Belmont. He's certainly bred right, and some of these others may not want that kind of distance."

Avatar was stabled in the King Ranch barn during his Belmont Park stay, and

the Santa Anita Derby winner drew more admirers every morning. Trainer Doyle was the exemplar of visiting cordiality when he said, "Belmont Park has a consistently fine surface. It has always been that way, and it is a pleasure to be here." When asked if he felt he was working Avatar hard, Doyle said, "If the colt is working too hard I'm not aware of it. I hope he's ready. If he's not, it's too late."

And, of course, it wasn't. Avatar and Belmont Day meshed beautifully. If, however, the Belmont had been run a day earlier, on Friday, June 6, instead of Saturday, June 7, there might have been the kind of disaster only the U.S. Coast Guard could cope with. A cloudburst hit the track Friday afternoon, and after the fourth race the flooding around the five-eighths pole was so deep that the rest of the card was canceled. Superintendent Joe King's track maintenance crew worked until 10 that night spreading sand on the washed-out areas, and the next morning, after more work, the nation's only mile-and-a-half track was officially labeled "fast." But by post time—5:39 p.m.—it was neither fast nor even wet-fast. It was more "dead" than "alive," a condition that meant only the fittest of horses could make the long tour a winning one.

The Belmont walking ring before the race attracted the largest crowd in years, and a few of the spectators narrowly avoided a rush trip to the First Aid Room when Singh tried to run his race there instead of on the main track. The last male offspring of the celebrated Bold Ruler bucked and kicked as though he

With one given exception, \$2 better crane



was being loaded into the chute at the Calgary Stampede. He hung one hind leg over the paddock railing, not the best thing for an athlete warming up in any sport. He kicked his stable pony and made menacing passes at the spectators. By the time he got to the starting gate he looked as if he had just stepped out of the shower.

What little energy remained in Singh was quickly spent early in the running of the Belmont. When the gates opened, it was Diabolo, the California Derby winner, who shot to the lead under Laffit Pincay, with Singh right behind him. That consistent campaigner Master Derby was right there in third place, and Shoe had Avatar fourth and in perfect position on the outside. Foolish Pleasure was back in sixth, while Prince Thou Art, as expected, was last. Doyle felt pleased as he watched Avatar settle into his long, easy stride. Later he said, "The break for us has always been most important, and after Shoe got position I wasn't really worried."

Seelgison was already smiling—a little. "Every time Avatar gets off to a good start," he said after the race, "he runs well. In the Blue Grass and Preakness he had bad starts and ran badly. In the Derby he broke well and ran well, and I will always believe he would have won the Derby if he hadn't gotten involved in that bumping business with Diabolo. Today, in the Belmont, he broke perfectly, and it gave me confidence right away."

Diabolo led the way up the backstretch by two lengths over Master Derby after Singh tired and was out of the hunt. Pin-

cay had wanted to lay back in second or third, but, as he said, "Diabolo was just too full of run and I couldn't get him to relax on the lead."

After Diabolo's early fractions—the quarter in :23½, the half in :48, six furlongs in 1:12½ and the mile in 1:36½—even champion Jockey Pincay could not keep up the struggle. Now it was Master Derby, under young Darrel McHargue, who took over and rolled the mile and a quarter in 2:02—the precise time in which this year's Kentucky Derby was run—but he was only half a length ahead of Avatar, and there was still a quarter of a mile to go. Foolish Pleasure was on the move and about to take over third place from the tiring Diabolo. Prince Thou Art was moving up to seventh place, but never posed a real threat.

"Between the quarter pole and the eighth pole Master Derby ran out of gas," noted Shoemaker afterwards, "and when he did, he left me on the lead, which isn't where I wanted to be that soon. Avatar is a colt who likes to loaf when he gets to the front, and I knew we still had a long way to go."

At the eighth pole, with a length lead over Master Derby, who was no longer a serious threat, Avatar was challenged by Foolish Pleasure, coming on with his typical late and powerful surge. Shoe switched his whip to his left hand, but Avatar didn't respond, so he went back to right-handed whipping as Foolish Pleasure slowly bore down on him. "I was just hoping," said Shoe, "that the wire would come up when it did. It came up just in time."

And so Avatar won, by a neck. For those who felt that Foolish Pleasure would have won if Jacinto Vasquez had moved a mile sooner, it should be noted that the Derby winner didn't gain at all on Avatar from the quarter pole to the 16th pole. Then he suddenly dug in and went after him. That certainly was not the jock's fault; it was simply that the colt would not run on his own until it was too late. Two jumps past the wire Foolish Pleasure was in front, but two jumps past the wire isn't where the winner's purse of \$116,160 was. Neither LeRoy Jolley nor Vasquez found excuses. "We were just a little late," said Jolley. "He had good position all the way and the pace to go with it." Vasquez concurred: "I had dead aim on the leader from the three-eighths pole but just couldn't catch up."



Shoemaker delight in his 1973 Belmont win.

Some 3½ lengths behind Foolish Pleasure came Master Derby, followed by Diabolo, Prince Thou Art, Singh, Just the Tame, Nalecs Rialto and Syllabus. The winner's time of 2:28½ was laughed at by those who remembered Secretariat's track record performance of 2:24 in 1973, but shouldn't have been. Only three other Belmonts have been run faster.

Avatar, now possessor of five victories in 12 races this year, is another fine son of Graustark, who has produced, among his 18 stakes winners, Key to the Mint, Jim French and the European classic winner Caraculero. Avatar is out of the Mount Marcy mare Brown Berry, a stakes winner herself. If he doesn't go back west to Hollywood Park and Del Mar this summer, Avatar will find some interesting rivals in New York. Undefeated Ruffian—called by some veteran horsemen the best filly in history, which takes in an awful lot of territory—will probably tackle the colts before the end of the year, if not in the Travers, then possibly in the Marlboro Cup or the Woodward. And in her own division Ruffian may find competition for the first time in her undefeated career when she faces Sarsar, who beat a field of colts in the Withers. But their meeting is not likely to come about until the Gazelle at Belmont on Aug. 27.

That's the future. Right now, the word is Avatar. As Doyle explained last winter, "Avatar comes from Hindu mythology. It has to do with reincarnation, the descent of a god in a physical form." Seelgison got to the point quicker. "Avatar means the object of great admiration," he said.

At 13 to 1, Avatar was some object of admiration at Belmont last week. "It made up," chuckled Seelgison, "for those three dry wells."

END

to watch telecast of race behind grandstand.



IT WAS A FOREIGN AFFAIR

Non-Americans won eight events at the NCAA championships, as UTEP's international brigade took the title

by RON REID

Thanks to a bunch of guys who wouldn't know Sam Houston from Sam Spade, Lady Bird from Big Bird or the Alamo from a Pizza Hut, the team championship of U.S. collegiate track and field now resides in the proud state of Texas.

No 10-gallon ovations need hail this acquisition, since not one Texan—or many Americans—contributed to the University of Texas-El Paso's victory last week in the 54th NCAA championship meet at Provo, Utah. On the teal-blue track of Brigham Young Stadium, foreign athletes stole most of the show and made their rivals break out in flags.

UTEP, for which passports have long been as important as spiked shoes, added its first outdoor title to the NCAA indoor championship it won in March by scoring 55 points during the five-day competition. Eighty percent of the Miners' total was amassed by athletes from Sweden, Kenya and Australia. Combined with the forces of nature and negligence, the Texas aliens were more than enough to hold off a domestic entry named UCLA, which scored 42 points to finish second. USC, almost everyone's pre-meet favorite, paid dearly for its youth and came in third with 37 points.

The fall of Troy resulted in the cham-



Charlton Ehiuzelen of Illinois and Nigeria set a meet record (26' 11") on his final jump

promships ending with the Bruins grouped on the field waving tiny American flags. It was their way of indicating that, while they might have finished second to UTEP, among their countrymen they were first.

Moments before the Miners' victory became official, UCLA Coach Jim Bush said, "I feel this way. Going against all the foreigners on UTEP's team with all the bad breaks we had and still getting second is one heckuva job. We're going to lay claim to the title of No. 1 American team. That's the only way I can make people realize how the foreigners are dominating this meet."

Non-Americans did not totally dominate the meet, but they accounted for eight of the 19 individual titles and three of four meet records. John Ngeno of Washington State, a Kenyan who set stadium marks in winning the three-mile (13:22.79) and six-mile (28:20.66), was the only one of the eleven 1973 champions on hand to successfully defend his crown; he had won the six-mile last year. Valianova's Eamonn Coghlan, an Irishman with a superb finishing kick, won the meet's glamour event when he took the mile in 4:00.06. The most dramatic performance was that of Illinois' Charlton Ehiuzelen, a Nigerian who watched Danny Seay of Kansas long-jump to a meet record of 26' 7 3/4" and five minutes later, on his last try, won the event by leaping 26' 11".

UTEP's march to the title began with a setback. Greg Joy, a Canadian high jumper with a season best of 7' 4", failed in the qualifying round to clear 7' 1", the height required to advance to the finals. UCLA got off to an even poorer start. Mike Tully, a freshman pole vaulter who has jumped 17' 10", was out of the meet when he missed three times at 16' 3", and Jerry Herndon, the 1974 NCAA long-jump champ, finished 31st when he could do no better than 23' 1 1/2" in the trials.

The Bruins' luck worsened as the championships progressed. In one of the biggest gaffes in meet history, a semifinal heat of the 120-yard high hurdles was bolted up, the last row of hurdles being set up almost four yards closer to the

finish than it should have been. The hurdles would not have been more surprised if a chain had replaced the tape. UCLA's Clim Jackson, leaving part of his shin on the last hurdle, stumbled to victory in the heat, but Kansas State's Vance Roland and Colorado's Derek Ligonis were not as lucky. Both fell.

The ordering of a rerun generated a heated protest from Bush. He pointed out that with the final scheduled to be run in less than an hour, it was unfair to make Jackson and his rivals from the first semifinal run two preliminary races while the other qualifiers ran only one.

"You can't do that," he said to BYU Coach Clarence Robison, the meet director. "Those guys only have so many races in them a day. If you make them run, make everybody else run, too."

Finally, the decision was made to hold the race the next night. For UCLA, it didn't help. The track was wet and Jackson slipped twice. Larry Shupp of LSU won in 13.91, UCLA freshman James Owens coming in second. Jackson, who had figured to win, finished fifth.

Shortly after the hurdle hassle, UTEP shot into the lead by proving that two Hans are better than one, especially when they finish 1-2 in the shotput. That's exactly what Hans Hoglund, a 6' 4", 275-pound Swede, and freshman Hans Almstrom, Hoglund's 6' 5", 290-pound countryman, did. Hoglund, a three-time NCAA indoor champ, got a personal best when he opened with a 67' 11" heave, then improved that with a meet-record 70' 0". Almstrom's first throw (65' 8 3/4") was good for second. Added to the nine points the Miners had scored in the hammer throw, where Aussie Pete Farmer was second, and two points in the six-mile, the shotput double gave UTEP a first-day total of 29.

After the perfect weather on the other four days of the meet, the drenching, chilly rainstorm on Saturday was a shock. The storm was accompanied by lightning bolts and a pernicious wind that delayed the competition 64 minutes and killed whatever long-shot hope UCLA had.

The wind aided the triple jumpers in the first and third flights but blew into the faces of those in the second, including UCLA's Willie Banks, whose 55' 1" personal best had beaten USC's in their

dual meet earlier this year. At Provo he jumped 50' 1 1/2", which was only good enough for 10th place. By causing hurdler Jackson to skid and Banks to stall, the weather effectively doused the Bruins, despite Benny Brown's 45.34 victory in the 440, a stadium record that might have been a world mark without the rain.

Meanwhile, UTEP was adding inexorably to its first-day point total. James Munyala, the Kenyan steeplechaser, moved into the lead after a mile and sprinted to an 8:47.93 victory.

Almost as Munyala was breasting the tape, the Miners' Arnold Grimes—who hails from Akron, oddly enough—caught an aiding 14-mph wind for a 54' 2 3/4" triple jump. It moved him into second behind San Jose State's Ron Livers, the winner at 55' 1 3/4". Earlier, UTEP had received six points from Wilson Waigwa's third in the mile. The Miners added two more on Larry Jesse's fifth in the pole vault, an event in which both Earl Bell of Arkansas State and San Jose's Dan Ripley cleared 18' 1" for a meet record. Bell won the event on fewer misses.

"We thought we'd have a few more points," said UTEP Coach Ted Banks. "Losing our high jumper kind of discouraged us, but when we took the 1-2 in the shot it gave us impetus. Perhaps we had more solid points than some of the other teams."

A couple of UTEP fans celebrated their title by throwing Banks into the steeplechase water jump, but the rest of the Miners were relatively subdued. In fact, Jesse, the pole vaulter from Dayton, was slightly disappointed.

"We all get along pretty good," he said of his team. "It's nice you can talk to guys from all over the world and stuff, but tonight me and Grimes hoped we'd be the guys who'd win because everyone always writes about UTEP being powered by the Kenyans and stuff. There's a lot of Americans on the team with ability, but they get overshadowed because everybody wants to read that we got Swedes and Kenyans and whatever."

Well, maybe not everybody. Readers in Los Angeles would love to find that the Miners had lowered their import quota. It's no fun sending American boys to fight the foreign legion.

END



NERO DOESN'T FIDDLE AROUND

In the first of the races that will make or break their careers as 3-year-old pacers, the top-rated colt defeated archrival Alert Bref, and his owners again felt the pulling power of classified ads **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

Listen, all of you with schemes and dreams of moving from peasant to pheasant surroundings. Throw away your lottery tickets and uranium stock options and your secret blueprints for the atomic mousetrap. If you want to become rich enough to have Howard Hughes light your cigarettes, let your fingers do the walking—through the classified section.

That is how his owners came by Nero, the best 3-year-old pacer since Albatross was kicking racetrack loam in everybody's face. Last Saturday night at the Battle of the Brandywine mile in Wilmington, Del., Nero was back, challenging his archrival Alert Bref, a horse that matches him in breadth and almost

equals him in reputation. It was the beginning of their Endless Summer, the series of sulky-to-sulky matches over the next few months that will determine their places in pacing history.

Nero's career already has had enough surprise and controversy to dull John Galtworthy's pen. He was bought by tyros who answered an obscure ad in the *Wall Street Journal*. As a 2-year-old, he quickly became the four-legged equivalent of Filbert Bayi, even though he wore sunglasses and slept more than a newborn baby. Then some traingressor slipped Nero a drug strong enough to kill a horse and he almost died. And finally he was in a Demolition Derby that left him sprawled past the finish line.

To show how much his stock has risen, consider that he was purchased in 1973 for \$20,000 and last year was insured for \$100,000. Now he has a \$2.5 million policy, and a purchase offer of \$3 million already has been spurned.

There is talk that in two years he will be syndicated for \$4 million. Secretariat, remember, was a thoroughbred worth \$6 million in his third year. Nero's trainer and part owner, Jim Crane, is an ingenious man, not nearly as calculating as Penny Tweedy. His milieu is the barn area of the racetrack, where he can be comfortable with dirt on his boots. He owns a Cadillac, but he leaves it home and drives a leased sedan with a crumpled fender.

His flapping tongue indicating he's fooling, Nero wins the Battle of the Brandywine.

It was Crane who first spun the roulette wheel that turned up Nero. Now 53, he had operated for years on the fringes of harness racing's spotlight, a man with a reputation not quite strong enough to risk big money on. Finally, he took out an ad looking for partners to invest in a race horse with him. Rene Dervaes, who owns a small pump supply business in Wilmington, Del., read the *Journal* one slow day at lunch. He answered the ad, talked his friend and former neighbor Jack Massau into coming in for a small percentage, and the three new partners purchased Nero for what Crane thought was a bargain price. The coup occurred on the first night of the Tattersall's Yearling Sale, when the buyers from the unlimited-checkbook stables had not yet arrived. While they fiddled, Nero escaped.

Nero came to Brandywine last week with a record of 16 wins in 17 starts. Six times as a 2-year-old last year he broke the two-minute mark, and he had turned in a 1:59 in the Cane Prep Final on Yonkers' half-mile track a week earlier. "He put a few moves on them there that kind of choked up the rest of the field," said Ben Benjamin, his caretaker. Benjamin was talking about Nero's most astounding trait, his ability to move into high speed instantly at the urging of Driver Joe O'Brien. This characteristic, plus his remarkably pure and powerful gait, a rippling build and an intrepid heart that helped him evade death, are the reasons for his experimental speed rating of 1:54, the fastest in history.

Alert Bret's credentials are almost as good and his rating only a tick behind—1:54½. He is the only colt to beat Nero. That happened at Lexington's Red Mile last October and he needed a 1:55½ record time and some racing luck to win by a scant neck. At the finish, Nero was crowded by Alert Bret, brushed the rail for 75 feet and finally toppled. Driver O'Brien was fuming afterward, and for months refused to speak to Alert Bret's driver, Glen Garnsey.

Alert Bret showed up at Brandywine with two victories in two starts this year, and a new silhouette. Over the winter, eating everything from donuts to potato chips, he had filled out and stood a mite taller than Nero's 15 hands and weighed a bit more than his rival's 1,075 pounds.

"I'd say he's about on target," said Garnsey before the race. "Right where I'd like him to be."

Last year Garnsey tried a number of game plans against Nero. In their first few meetings, he raced from the front. Then he came at him from behind. In the final confrontation at Lexington, he tried putting the pressure on by racing alongside, parking himself by Nero for almost half the race, an unusual and difficult tactic. Before the encounter at Brandywine, he wondered whether he ought to ask Alert Bret to try it again. "It might be too early in the season," he said. In any event, he had drawn the No. 1 post position while Nero was in No. 7. Incredibly, in every one of their meetings, Alert Bret has drawn the advantageous inside position.

The other entries were being treated as if they were hitchhikers, even though they included Billy Haughton's Trooper Chip, with a 1:59½ mark to his credit; Keystone Accent, who had won his last four starts; and Tango Byrd, three for three this season. Their chances were mentioned less than the possibility of Nero setting a new track record on the five-eighths-mile circuit.

The big colt has never been a dull trackside topic. Last year in Indianapolis, just before the Fox Stake, someone injected him with a massive dose of tranquilizer that almost killed him. The vet, Jim Crane, the groom and the owners were up all night walking him around his stall and feeding him liquids. "A horse is like a man," says Benjamin. "Some want to live more than others. Some want to win more than others. Nero has a desire to win, and he had a desire to live. It pulled him through." Now Nero has a 24-hour guard stationed in a portable enclosure next to his stall.

It was when a vet examined him after the drugging that Nero was found to have an abnormally slow heartbeat. He has other odd quirks, including a remarkable ability to rest, even going so far as to nudge his hay into a small pile so that he can eat it while lying down. He wears an elaborate set of dark goggles because his eyesight is so acute that he occasionally jumps over minute things on the racetrack. And when he races, his tongue often flops out the left side of his mouth, an indication to Driver O'Brien that his

horse is taking it easy. He also yawns a lot.

Late Friday night, Nero's barn was crowded. Rene Dervaes and his wife Judy were there checking on their annuity. When they purchased Nero, they kept it a secret because they thought the neighbors might snicker. Even Crane was a bit embarrassed. At first, he told people that he had met Dervaes at the racetrack. Now nobody cares. As Dervaes stood in the barn, he kept a discreet distance from Nero, who was munching oats. Crane does not like anyone around when Nero is dining. When Crane speaks to Dervaes, a man schooled in balance sheets but ignorant about horses, his instructions must sound as if they come from heaven, like the dollars raining about all of them.

For his part Crane is chary of flaunting his success, circumspect about appearing a bit too pleased. For years he stood outside the center ring, and now that he has a foot in it, he does not want to offend anyone. He has bought a few more horses, and there are plans to expand further, but for the most part he is deferential rather than jubilant, realistic rather than optimistic. He is a driver himself but as soon as he realized what he had in Nero, he called in O'Brien. "I couldn't compare myself to Joe O'Brien," he says.

The night of the race was raw and bluster, which precluded any chance of a track record. There was talk that Garnsey would not challenge Nero, that there was little need to strain Alert Bret with so much racing ahead of both of them. Nero won the race right away when O'Brien moved him down and by Alert Bret at the start. They raced like that for the remainder of the trip. Midway through the final turn, Nero made a surge that opened a three-length lead, then—inexplicably, tongue out—he slowed just before the finish and O'Brien had to tip him back to reality with a flick of the whip. He beat Alert Bret by 1¼ lengths in 2:00½. In the winner's circle, Crane approached O'Brien and said with mock gravity, "What do you mean, hitting my horse?" Everyone laughed—Crane, O'Brien, the owners and their families. There is a lot of laughter around Nero these days, the titter of good fortune, like found money.

END

ANOTHER FORTRESS FOR JACK TO ATTACK

With Augusta in hand, Jack Nicklaus trains his big guns on Medinah, where he hopes to capture his fourth U.S. Open title **by DAN JENKINS**

Imagine one of those commemorative prints, the kind they hang on the wall of a Mixed Foursome Room, such as *Ladies' Day at Minchampton*, or *Jones at the Road Hole*, or, for that matter, *Deane Beman at Appomattox*, and you get an idea of what could be in store for Jack Nicklaus. He has won the Grand Slam of professional golf in 1975 and now he is depicted by the artist in a green jacket from the Masters and a fez from next week's U.S. Open at Medinah, a course the Shriners have contributed to American culture. A cloud of gray mist hovers over his head from the British Open at gloomy Carnoustie, and by his

side is a four-ply, steel-belted radial from the National PGA at Firestone.

"You're totally crazy," Nicklaus said the other day. "I can't think about the Slam until after the Open. If I've won at Medinah, then of course it will enter my mind."

It hasn't already? Come clean.

"It has and it hasn't. It has to the extent that I know I'm a better golfer now than I was in 1972 when I won the Masters, and the Open at Pebble Beach, and almost won the British Open at Muirfield with a good last round. But you can't think in terms of all four. There's so much preparation that goes into just one ma-

jor championship, you can't let yourself think beyond it. I was never more ready to play well in a tournament than I was before Augusta this year. And I knew it. I had never worked any harder on my game, for one thing. Now I'm hoping to regain the same control of the golf ball for Medinah."

Does it trouble you that Medinah is not the best type of Open course for you? It certainly has more trees than any Open course in the last few years. The greens are relatively flat, and may not be as speedy as you would prefer.

"You have to drive straight in any Open. It's a strong golf course. In the Western Open at Medinah in 1962, I think I shot 291 and tied for sixth. The winner shot 281. I don't think there's a 'my kind of course' anymore considering the caliber of players we have today. We've all won at places where we weren't expected to, like me at Harbour Town. It depends on your game that week."

But it can hardly be to your liking that Medinah will be the kind of course where almost anybody could shoot low if he's on, or high if he's hitting it crooked. In

continued



Medinah, named after the site of Mohammed's tomb, was built in 1925 and has a mosque-like clubhouse. It hosted the 1949 Open.



the only other Open there Middlecoff shot a couple of 75s, but he also shot a 67 and a 69. In other words, unlike the killer Winged Foot last year, Medinah saw yield.

"You can't shoot much lower than Miller and Weiskopf did in the last two rounds at Augusta. Medinah has an interesting group of finishing holes, from about the 13th in, where anything can happen. It has this in common with the Augusta National."

Three times in the past you've won two major championships in the same year. Incidentally, Jones and Hogan are the only other players who could say that. And you've been flirting with the Slam for four years. But you're an even better golfer now? In what way?

"I'm a much better driver and a better wedge player. I knew this going into the Masters. When I came out of Doran and Harbour Town my swing pattern was just like I wanted it. But there was one thing I didn't know. I didn't know if I could still win a major championship. That's why the Masters was important."

You didn't know what?

"The Masters was a comeback for me in a sense. I'd been a year without winning a major championship. I was fourth at Augusta last year, 10th in the Open, third in the British Open and second in the PGA. That's pretty good. But I lost all four. Frankly, there were times through all that when I was wondering about myself. I was wondering about my ambition and my sheer ability to strike and control a golf ball when I had to."

If you lose at Medinah, will you start wondering again?

"A year is a success for me when I've won one major championship. That's why last year was such a failure. No, I'll be just as up for the British Open and the PGA. You know, I love the four majors so much, I can see myself playing in them just because of the atmosphere long after I'm unable to win them."

How did you put yourself back to work? Or, rather, what did you do when Johnny Miller put you back to work?

"I really did work harder than anytime since I was a kid. The first thing I did was mostly mental. I would hit practice balls and think about what I wanted to achieve, ideally, with my swing. I found an old driver I had that I liked, so I started hitting with it and discovered that I was driving straighter than I ever had. Shorter but straighter. Then in Flor-

ida I found a sand wedge I loved, one similar to the club I'd always used, but better. This helped the chipping, which has always been a problem for me. So I had a driver and sand wedge that gave me tremendous confidence. For a few weeks there, including Augusta, I just felt like I had total control over the golf ball."

Anything else mentally? Like conjuring up images of Johnny Miller in a concrete rainsuit?

"I became determined to put golf first. For example, in the past I've always gone to the office and then to the golf course in the afternoon. I started thinking one day, heck, I'm taking the business problems to the golf course. This year I started going to the golf course first, and then to the office, if there was time."

O.K., now you're winning the Masters and you're in total "control" of the golf ball. Where'd you score up that sloppy 73 on Saturday which turned the whole thing into a golf tournament?

"Arnold Palmer and I were paired. It's strange but true that neither Arnold nor I generally score well when we play together. One reason, obviously, is that we don't like to lose to each other. We get caught up in a match-play frame of mind. We also get caught up in the yelling and screaming match between our galleries. Well, they certainly got their money's worth. I shot a 73 and Arnold shot a 75. Somewhere else out on the course, Johnny Miller was shooting a 65, and Tom Weiskopf was shooting 66."

You've hit two shots on television now in crucial situations, both of them with a one-iron. There was the shot to the 17th at Pebble in the '72 Open on the last day when you thought you had to have it. It got in there about three inches from the cup. And there was the one-iron to the 15th on Sunday at Augusta. Since you're a better golfer these days, do we dismiss the one at Pebble into a 40-mile wind as just good luck, the kind of thing that Bruce Crampton always expects to happen to him?

"That was a bad swing. I must have been choking. I couldn't believe the results. The shot at Augusta might have been the best golf shot I've ever hit. It had to carry more than 240 yards. You don't win a tournament on one shot, but there was quite a bit riding on that one. The shot was so pure—and I knew it the instant I hit it—I wouldn't have been surprised if it had gone in the hole. I honestly don't mean it to sound like brag-

ging but when you do something like that, under the pressure of a win-or-lose situation—and, as I say, Augusta represented a comeback for me—it's pretty satisfying. It's that kind of moment that makes you think, by golly, I can still play this game."

You've said before, privately, that major championships are easier to win, to an extent, than the normal tour event. Want to make that clear for the world out there?

"They're played on tougher courses, which eliminates a lot of people. If you look at them from the viewpoint that you have a smaller field in the Masters and British Open, then by sheer numbers they should be easier. What I'm talking about is attitude. A major championship is a battle of nerves, among other things. What I mean is there aren't as many players in the field of a major championship who can actually visualize themselves winning. They're defeated from the start. Therefore, those of us who think we can win have fewer people to beat. Anybody can win, of course, if everything falls together, and some real long shots have won, as the history books tell you. In a regular tour tournament, you tee off 144 guys and at least 100 of them aren't afraid to win. But in the four major championships, which are sort of the four Super Bowls we play every year, there probably aren't more than 25 players who deep down think they have a chance unless they happen to get hot. And there may not be more than six or eight who actually expect to win."

You've said that just being involved in something like the last round of the Masters, when you and Weiskopf and Miller were all living up to your advance notices, was the most fun you've ever had in golf. Exhilarating might have been a better word. Fun? Would it have been as much fun if you'd lost?

"Naturally, it was more exciting to win. More rewarding. All that. But, darn it, it was fun. It was fun to be a part of that. I hope Johnny and Tom feel that way. Any one of us could have won because there's always an element of luck in golf no matter how well you play. Had I lost, I still would have felt privileged to have been a part of something that people would call one of the greatest tournaments ever played. It was fun to be cut there in the middle of all that. That's what you work at to become in this game. Someone who can be involved in that

continued

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kind of drama and competition. You know, I lost the British Open at Muirfield in 1972 when there was all of this Grand Slam talk and it was very disappointing. But being a part of that tournament was one of the two or three biggest thrills in my life. In the last round when I got to five under through 10 holes and was in the lead, playing just ahead of Trevino and Tony Jacklin, I experienced something that's never happened to me before or since. The 11th hole was completely encircled with people and they were all cheering me on, all the way to the green. And even though I was a long way from winning or losing I found myself walking down that fairway with tears in my eyes. Well, I lost the tournament by a shot, but I wouldn't take anything for the experience."

Did the thought ever occur to you, back then, that you were possibly too young to win the Slams? That is would be coming too early in the old career?

"It's funny. I did think that. In a strange way, I didn't want to do it. I thought, what'll I do then? I'm too young to retire, I would have gone ahead and done it, of course, if it hadn't been for Trevino and a few other people."

Yeah, uh, it's probably a good rule to take a Slam wherever you can find one. Would you be tempted to quit now, if you could win at Medinah, Carnoustie and Firestone?

"Those are three awfully big ifs. If I have to answer that, I would say that I would certainly gear down. It wouldn't be quitting exactly. I think I would play maybe eight or nine tournaments a year, including the Big Four. I would still want to win major championships."

You have 15 of them. You will have gone to that Great Dogleg Right in the Sky long before anyone even approaches that, if anyone ever does. How many is enough?

"When all these young guys out here start beating my brains out regularly." Meanwhile, you're just excited about Medinah. That for thing again?

"It's been a heck of a year. I've won three times. Miller has won three times. Litter twice. Weiskopf, Trevino and Hale Irwin have all won. If I knew my game was going to be good enough at Medinah that I would at least have a chance, then I'd say I can hardly wait."

Can you hardly wait?

"I can hardly wait."

Thank you, Mr. President.

END

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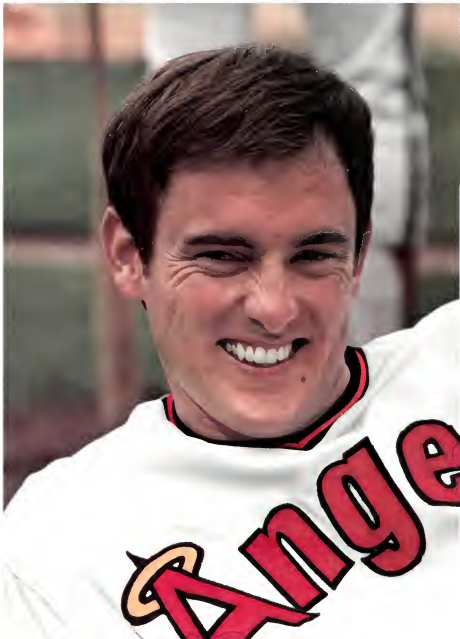


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a man who can throw as hard as Nolan Ryan is no ordinary mortal. He is among the blessed, an exalted figure to be held in awe. The supreme fastball pitcher, more even than the long-ball hitter, is baseball's noblest creation, for as in the fight song, he brings down the thunder from the skies. He does not throw a ball; he throws lightning, smoke, flames, heat, blue darters, dark ones, high hard ones, hummers, aspirin tablets. In baseball vernacular, he does not throw at all; he "brings it." He is never just plain Bob, Joe or Sam; he is Rapid Robert, Smokey Joe, Sudden Sam, Dizzy, Dazzy, The Whip, The Big Train, The Ryan Express. He is the stuff of legend.

There was the time in the mid-1920s when Jigger Stutz of the Cubs complained bitterly to the umpire over a called third strike thrown by the Dodgers' fabled fireballer, Dazzy Vance.

"Where was the pitch?" Stutz was asked by Dodger outfielder Zack Wheat as the teams changed sides.

THE BRINGER OF THE BIG HEAT

To say Nolan (Four No-Hitter) Ryan is fast is an understatement. Even his curve has been clocked at 85 mph **by RON FIMRITE**

It had been raining intermittently this humid May night in Cleveland, and Nolan Ryan, who was between pitching starts, was utilizing the dry spells to loosen up his legendary right arm. From a distance of perhaps 75 feet he lazily played catch with California Angels Catcher Tom Egan and Pitching Coach Billy Muffett. He was throwing effortlessly, but even so the ball made explosive thwack sounds as it reached mitt and glove.

"Yessir, Nolie," Muffett cried out, wincing slightly after one thwack, "your damn arm is dead."

Muffett was jesting, of course. Ryan's arm, which has accounted for four no-hitters and virtually every strikeout record of consequence, may be more alive than any that ever threw a baseball. Nevertheless, as Muffett spoke, the damp night air was rent by a terrible clap of thunder, as if the Creator Himself were responding to blasphemy. Lord knows,

"Well," said Jigger, "I couldn't see it, but it sounded low."

Consider the simple eloquence of Yankee Ping Bodie explaining why he struck out against Walter Johnson. "You can't hit what you can't see."

"You couldn't hit him on a Monday," said the Reds' Rube Bressler, recalling Vance in Lawrence S. Ritter's wonderful book, *The Glory of Their Times*. "He'd cut the sleeve of his undershirt to the elbow, you know, and on that part of it he'd use lye to make it white, and the rest he didn't care how dirty it was. Then he'd pitch overhand, out of the apartment houses in the background at Ebbets Field. Between the bleached sleeve of his undershirt waving and the Monday wash hanging out to dry—the diapers and sheets flapping on the clotheslines—you lost the ball entirely. He threw balls by me I never even saw."

This is the mystique of the fireballer. Those who stand before him speak as if

they should be carrying white canes instead of bats. Norm Cash of the Tigers did come to the plate once against Ryan carrying a piano leg, reasoning, it is assumed, that it would serve him just as well. Batters speak respectfully of pitching craftsmen; they speak reverently of fastballers.

"You have to respect pitchers like Catfish Hunter," says Baltimore Catcher Dave Duncan. "He has that perfect control. But a guy like Ryan doesn't just get you out, he embarrasses you. There are times when you feel you've won some sort of victory just hitting the ball."

The fastball pitcher's inevitable weakness is wildness. But there is strength in that weakness, for it evokes fear. Reggie Jackson has said that he is not so much afraid of being embarrassed by Ryan as he is of being killed by him. Ryne Duren, the old Yankee fireballer, could transform the doughtiest of hitters into poltroons merely by warming up. All of his warmup pitches would be thrown violently and one would invariably go so far away it would thud sickeningly into the screen behind the plate. Wildness was not Duren's only strong weakness. He was notoriously myopic, squinting down at the hitter like some gigantic Mr. Magoo through thick-lensed spectacles, and, as he later admitted, he was not always entirely sober. Who then in his right mind could dig in at the plate against a man who could throw a baseball through armor plate, who was wild at best, who could see the hitter only dimly if at all and who, to cap it off, might well be in his cups? In his brief career, Duren was the most feared pitcher in baseball.

The wild fastballer is the fire-snorting dragon of baseball lore. Frankie Frisch, the manager and second baseman of the St. Louis Cardinals' Gus House Gang, watched a very young, very fast, very wild Bob Feller warming up before facing his team in a spring exhibition game in 1936. After one of Feller's misguided deliveries splintered a section of the backstop, Frisch turned to rookie Lynn King.

"Young man," asked Frisch, "have you ever played second base?"

"No, sir," replied King.

"Well, you're playing there today."

Baby Doll Jacobson of the St. Louis Browns spun frantically away from one of Vance's pitches in another exhibition game only to discover that what he had assumed was a beanball actually was a curve that spun sharply over the plate.

continued

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"Strike three," the umpire called. "You're out."

"Yes," said Jacobson, lying flat on his back, "and glad of it."

Steve Dalkowski became a fastball legend without ever reaching the big leagues. There are those who saw him, including Oriole Manager Earl Weaver, who consider him to be the hardest thrower of all time. But incurable wildness kept him in the minors, where he set records for both strikeouts and bases on balls. Foul-bunt attempts off Dalkowski's hummer supposedly flew out of the park, and one day he was so wild, it is said, that one of his fastballs shattered a bat rack. But he could bring it.

"He'd come right over the top," says Weaver, "and that ball would rise maybe six inches. I honestly believe he was faster than Ryan."

Efforts to time Dalkowski's high hand one in 1958 proved inconclusive when it required 40 minutes for him to find the range of the timing device. Panting with exhaustion, he was still able to record 93.5 miles an hour.

Such devices are considered suspect by fastballers. When Ryan's pitches were timed at 100.9 and 100.8 mph last year by Rockwell International scientists, Feller, whose recorded best was 98.6 mph, protested that Ryan benefited from more sophisticated hardware. Feller took great pride in being the fastest pitcher on record, and to this day he is nettled by the Ryan timings. "I'm not quibbling, mind you," he said testily the other day, "but comparing the way we were timed is like comparing apples and oranges." For that matter, supporters of Van Lingle Mungo, the colorful Brooklyn fastballer of the '30s, claim he was once timed at 118 mph. They do not say how, though.

Not all of the hard throwers have been wild men. Walter Johnson, still rated by historians as the fastest of the fastballers, was deathly afraid of killing someone with one of his pitches, so he developed unerring control. In 1913 he walked only 38 batters while striking out 243. For the first six years of his career, Sandy Koufax was throwing out of control. When he learned to place his pitches, he was on the road to the Hall of Fame.

Ryan has been wild throughout his career, although now at age 28 he seems to be following, not always steadily, in Koufax' footsteps. When he was a youngster with the Mets, "I hadn't the slightest idea where the ball was going," he admits. The

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Mets, to their eternal regret, eventually gave up on him, reasoning that Ryan's great arm would never be an accurate one. Pitching regularly with the Angels the past three seasons, he has led the major leagues in both strikeouts and walks, but this year the gap between the two seems to be widening, and that is no small feat for one who throws so terrifically hard.

Fastball pitchers rarely learn much about control before they reach the majors. In high school, college and the minor leagues, they are facing undisciplined swingers who are content to take their quick licks and escape to the serenity of the dugout. Don Drysdale, once a fireballer for the Dodgers and now a broadcaster for the Angels, is convinced that Ryan is learning, as Koufax did, to be a pitcher, not a thrower.

"He'll probably have 75 fewer strikeouts this season," says Drysdale, "but he's a much better pitcher. He'll throw more like 113 pitches a game now instead of 175. His velocity is not as consistent because he's not as worried about it. He's come up with a good change to go with the fine curve and the fastball."

Ryan insists, however, that he has not changed his pitching philosophy, which calls for him to throw as hard as he can as long as he can. Considering his extraordinary stamina, that is quite a long while. When the Rockwell machinery timed him last September, his fastest pitch was thrown in the ninth inning. At his pace he does not expect to pitch beyond his 35th birthday, reasoning that by then his hummer will be but a memory. Others, Feller included, have stayed on in the game, using guile in place of the fast one, but Ryan does not relish the prospect. "I don't picture myself as a junkball pitcher," he has said. "I've always been a fastball pitcher."

So he has, although in his childhood in Alvin, Texas, 30 miles from Houston, he was more of a longballer. "There were other kids who could throw as fast between the mound and home, but nobody could throw a ball farther than I could," he says. Eventually he shortened his range, opting for speed from the mound, not distance. In his senior year at Alvin High School he was virtually the only pitcher, appearing in 24 of his team's 36 games. It was then that he saw Koufax pitch for the first time.

Koufax was at the top of his form, and he instantly became Ryan's idol. Icon-

oclastically, Ryan has broken Koufax' single-season strikeout record (383 to 382), is ahead of him in strikeouts per nine innings (9.70 to 9.27) and of course just last week he tied his major league record for no-hitters (4). Ryan has also equaled Tom Seaver's and Steve Carlton's record of 19 strikeouts in a nine-inning game and has struck out 19 twice more in extra-inning games. Koufax, who is living in his customary seclusion in Paso Robles, Calif., congratulated Ryan after his fourth no-hitter, commenting, a bit wistfully perhaps, that he saw no reason why someone so young should not pitch a few more.

Ryan is at an age when pitchers traditionally reach their peak, so the records should continue to tumble. However, he professes only casual interest in immortality. As a small-town boy from Texas, he is determinedly homespun. He met his beautiful wife Ruth when both were youngsters in Alvin, although he acknowledges with a deprecatory laugh that "we didn't start dating until I was 15 and she was 13." They were married upon her graduation from Alvin High eight years ago and now have a son, Reid, three, and two dogs, a Labrador named Gyp, who enjoys playing catch with her master, and an English pointer named Betsy. In the off-season the Ryans live on 8½ acres outside Alvin, during the season they live in a California ranch-style home in a middle-class neighborhood in Anaheim. They drive a Chevrolet.

Nice young people with such simple tastes might not be expected to adapt to the hubbub of the Big Apple, and, indeed, the Ryans could scarcely wait to flee New York. Although he pitched badly—wildly, actually—as a Met, Ryan was still a minor celebrity in his Queens neighborhood, a status which made him uncomfortable: "Kids coming to your door all the time, people bothering you in restaurants." Although now he is legitimately famous, he is living more the life he wants, which is as a homebody. "Reid," he says of his son, "is just like any other kid in the neighborhood. Nobody thinks of him as anyone special."

This disinterest in being special separates Ryan from many of his flashier brothers in the fastball fraternity. Koufax ultimately rejected celebrity, but only after his career ended. Feller was a country boy who nevertheless developed a keen taste for lucre. Vance and Mungo were roisterers. Sam McDowell was not

exactly serene. Dizzy Dean revelled in self-glorification and Lefty Grove's irascibility set him apart from the run of mankind. Only self-effacing Walter Johnson seems comparable. Although he died the month before Ryan was born, Johnson may have a spiritual heir in the modern-day strikeout king.

Ryan wears his hair short and neatly trimmed and is a tidy, unflashy dresser, unlike the many peacocks in modern sports. He is an uncommonly handsome young man with near-perfect features and a long, lean physique. With his good looks, lanky build and Texas drawl, he would seem a natural for Western roles in Hollywood, just up the road from Anaheim. But Ryan is content merely to pitch fastballs, invest his \$125,000 annual salary in Texas property and wait patiently for the future.

"We're enjoying Californian," he says, "but we always go back home to Alvin. I like working around cattle, but I'm not much of a cowboy and, with the economic conditions, I don't suppose it's feasible to be a rancher. Right now I'm just into baseball 100%."

He is acutely aware, however, that his lustrous career could end tomorrow. "On a team of 25 guys you'd be amazed how many have arm trouble," he says. "But a sore arm doesn't jeopardize the career of anyone but a pitcher. With us, once you've hurt your arm, that's it." Such wonderful fastballers of the past as Smokey Joe Wood and Ewell (The Whip) Blackwell enjoyed only one superlative season before arm trouble finished them. Ryan has so far been spared such bad luck, although a pulled leg muscle during spring training this year eventually led to elbow difficulties when he altered his pitching motion to compensate for the injury. He was forced to leave one game early and he missed a start, but the arm is as good as ever now, which is as good as any arm ever has been. Still, Ryan recoils at the mention of the cruel blows dealt such fireballers as Dean and the Cleveland Indians' Herb Score. Both were struck by batted balls, and if Ryan has a weakness as a pitcher it is that he does not see the ball well coming off the bat.

Dean's career was ruined in the 1937 All-Star Game when his toe was broken by a ball hit by Earl Averil. When he attempted to come back from the injury too soon, he hurt his arm favoring the leg—much as Ryan, to a

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lesser extent, hurt his arm this spring.

Score's injury was even sadder. He had won 16 games as a rookie in 1955 and 20 in 1956, leading the American League in strikeouts both years. At first he had only the fastball, but it was considered by some the equal of Feller's in his prime.

In 1956 he had begun to gain control of his curveball, an accomplishment that seemed to assure him years of stardom. "I wish I had his future instead of my past," said the aging Hal Newhouser. It was a wish best left unfulfilled, for on May 7, 1957 the Yankees' Gil McDougald caught hold of a Score fastball and sent it screaming back. The ball struck Score in the right eye. He fell to the mound, blood seeping from his nose, mouth and eyes. His nose was fractured and his eye was so badly injured it was feared he would lose sight in it. Score was a month shy of his 24th birthday, and though he recovered from his injuries and attempted several comebacks, his career was effectively finished.

Last month Score sat in the press

box in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium watching Ryan work out. He is an Indians broadcaster now, an affable man who, at 42, still looks as if he could throw the high hard one. Score feels the fastballer's kinship with Ryan, any there-but-for-the-grace-of-God regrets swallowed by his admiration for the young pitcher.

"He's spectacular," Score said. "With someone like Ryan there is always the possibility of a no-hitter or a strikeout record. He is the kind of pitcher who draws fans. It's exciting to watch him. What people don't realize is that he has a great curve. All the really good fast-ball pitchers did—Koufax, Feller, even Sam McDowell. When I came up, Feller was at the end of his career, but he could still snap that curve. It had such a great spin on it that you could hear the ball hissing through the air. Ryan has that kind of curve. He throws it hard."

Remarkably enough, in some games Ryan's curveball is his best pitch, and on those occasions he will not hesitate to throw it in three-ball situations. No hit-

ter with a keenly developed sense of self-preservation can afford to watch for the Ryan curve. He must be ever alert for the dread Ryan fastball, and since the Ryan curve has been timed at nearly 85 mph, it often looks to the hitter like the Ryan fastball aimed at his head. The prudent hitter will then back off. Thwack. "Strike three, you're out."

There are a number of fastball practitioners in the majors now, the most renowned being Seaver, Vida Blue, Steve Carlton and Jim Palmer, but none is in Ryan's league. And no one can say what it is that causes him to throw so much harder than anyone else. "Velocity" is the antiseptic word ballplayers now employ to describe speed, but it seems woefully inadequate in conveying the special essence of a Ryan hummer.

Sheer physical strength is not the source of his speed, although at 6' 2" and 198 pounds, Ryan has a good pitcher's build. Feller was slightly smaller, Koufax the same size and Johnson a bit larger. But muscles do not give a man arm

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speed. "If they did," says Oriole Manager Weaver, "I'd have everybody working out with weights. No, it's not that. No one knows what it is. It's like asking what makes a man run fast."

Ryan describes his delivery as "compact," the leg tucked into the chest, the kick only moderately high. He does not throw directly overhead, but, as he puts it, "At about 11 on the face of a clock." Unlike many fastball pitchers, Ryan does not hold the ball out on his fingertips. Instead, he "chokes" it back into his hand, the fingers across the seams. Feller was another across-the-seams fastball pitcher, the theory being that the ball will rise more rapidly with this rotation. This hopping motion is essential, for no matter how hard a ball is thrown, if it does not "move" it remains an inviting target.

When he was with the Mets, Ryan's delivery was inconsistent, varying from game to game, inning to inning. He credits his former California Pitching Coach Tom Morgan with correcting this deficiency. Consistency has bred confidence so that now Ryan appears as an imperious figure on the mound, strutting impatiently about his realm, waiting for the batter to summon up the courage to confront him. Actually he is scarcely conscious of the batter's existence. "I know he's there, but I don't notice him at all," he says. "I am throwing to my catcher. He is the only one I really see up there. If I paid attention to the batter, it would ruin my concentration."

Ryan has thick, powerful legs and supple wrists, both of which are invaluable to a fastballer. The thrust off the mound and the snap of the wrist are the prime sources of speed, Ryan believes. Not every fastball pitcher has supple wrists, but most curveballers do. "Tom Seaver does not have loose wrists," Ryan says. "Because of this he does not have a real good curve ball. What he does have is an excellent slider."

There is another factor: rhythm. A good pitcher feels rhythm as surely as a dancer does. When it is all there, nothing seems beyond him. There is sheer exaltation in movement. Ryan refuses to romanticize this sensation, but Feller, a more emotional sort, does not hesitate.

"I had a game against Philadelphia in 1947," he recalls, "when it was all there. They went down as fast as they got up. I struck out 11 of the first 12 hitters and I threw only one curveball. The ball felt

like a bullet in my hand. I was moving so smoothly and the ball was just hopping in there. I know I could have struck out 20 that day. I could just feel it. Then after the fourth inning I slipped off the mound and hurt my leg. It was all over just like that."

Every fastballer has been fiercely proud of his gifts, even the humble Johnson. During one close game he had given up hits to the first two batters in the ninth. Teammate George McBride had the temerity at that moment to trot out to the mound and advise the great man to "bear down." Piqued by such impertinence, Johnson promptly fanned the final three batters on nine pitches.

"McBride," he is reputed to have said afterward, "that will teach you to mind your own darn business."

Ryan's sense of pride is equally keen. Before the Sunday, June 1 afternoon game with Baltimore he asked Elbie Rodriguez, who had not played in almost a month, if he would be catching that day. "Yes, I am," said Rodriguez, who enjoys catching Ryan, even though one of his fastballs once dented a religious medal hanging on his chest. "Well," said Ryan, "I'll be throwing these." And he handed Rodriguez a tiny rubber ball. "Funny thing," said Rodriguez after the game, "he wasn't kidding."

It was one of those days when Ryan had it all—rhythm, leg thrust, wrist snap; when the fastball missed, the curve was unerring. And mixed with those pitches was a changeup that had the Orioles lunging futilely at anticipated hummers. The weak-hitting Angels scored only one run, but it was enough, as Ryan dominated the Oriole batting order. When he survived a seventh inning in which two runners reached base on a walk and an error, the 18,492 at Anaheim Stadium roared in appreciation. Fourth no-hitter?

In the ninth Ryan jogged to the mound, bringing the fans to their feet. They would cheer every pitch in this inning. Al Bumbry, who had struck out his first three times at bat, flew out to left field. Tommy Davis, long a Ryan nemesis, bounced out to second after running the count to 3 and 2. Bobby Grich took a curveball for a called strike, then fouled off a fastball. With the count 2 and 2, Grich stood ready for "the heat." Two years ago, perhaps even a year ago, Ryan would have given it to him. But the older and wiser Ryan of 1975 gambled on an off-speed pitch. As Grich looked on

incredulously, a changeup floated in for a called third strike. A fourth no-hitter.

Ryan was embraced by his teammates and kissed by his wife, who was radiant in red. The stadium organist played *The Eyes of Texas*.

Ryan sat in the clubhouse afterward, politely answering the customary no-hit inquiries—"When did you start thinking about it?" "Did anybody say anything?"—his green-gray eyes calm and smiling above black sun smudges. Ryan was asked to compare his no-hitters, a privilege few pitchers can enjoy. He had not been as overpowering in this one as in some of the others, he suggested matter-of-factly, but then again, nobody hit the ball particularly hard. George Goodale, an Angels front-office man who collects Ryan statistics, offered his expert opinion that this was the easiest of all the Ryan no-nos. The Angels' President Red Patterson, a former Dodger publicity director, and Drysdale were in charge of the Koufax questions.

"Actually," said Patterson, "Nolan is more like Feller than Koufax. The fastball and the control are about the same, although I think Nolan may even have a better curve."

"Sandy's fastball may have moved more," said Drysdale, weighing the familiar question carefully. Drysdale is a man torn by considerations of loyalty. Koufax was his teammate: Ryan pitches for the team he pushes on the air. He still has the scowl that terrified hitters, only now he uses it to express conflicting thoughts. "Both had the big fastball and the curve, but they're hard to compare at this stage. Sandy generated a lot of excitement at Dodger Stadium and so would Nolan if he were pitching there, but people are coming around to him here now. Here and everywhere."

Last Friday 29,513 came around to Anaheim Stadium to see Ryan try to make it two no-hitters in a row. It was not a bad try—a two-hitter against Milwaukee for his 10th victory.

Nine seasons Ryan has assured himself a bright, particular place in baseball history. The only strikeout record that may elude him is Johnson's ponderous career total of 3,508. But is he really faster than Johnson or Feller or Koufax? Or Vance or Mungo or Score? Or Dean or Grove? No one will ever know, of course. Fireballers are too enshrouded in legend. And as the years pass, they seem to throw harder and harder.

END



THE PLAYGROUND OF THE POOR

Portugal's lower classes are no longer green with envy at the sporting life of tourists and the titled rich. Since the revolution, they have been running—and relishing—the country's posh resorts **by CLIVE GAMMON**

Tucked away from the noonday glare in Sir Harry's Bar in Albufeira, on Portugal's Algarve coast, you can ease the pain with a pint of genuine British bitter, but you can't escape the situation outside for long. "Just imagine some great lumbering hardhat in working boots, hacking his way across the greens at St. Andrews," says an expatriate drinker. "Doesn't bear thinking about, eh? But it's the sort of thing poor old David Green's had to put up with over at Vilamoura. Shockin'. Shockin'."

Sir Harry, glorious in the kind of hand-darbar mustache once popular in Britain, nods mournful agreement. "All different here now," he tells you. "Wife and myself used to help organize a bit of flat racing at Easter, bit of show jumping, trotting, that kind of thing. Never made a penny on it except for the profits on the soft drinks, but it made a bit of interest, something to pass the time." He yawns profoundly. "We even had Baron Beck's fox-hunting crowd down here a couple of years ago. Had to bring their own foxes with them, of course, but it was all good fun." Sir Harry's yellow Labrador shuffles behind the bar. "Get out of there, Major!" he orders. "Thank you've got a bloody work permit, do you?"

Compared with the troubles now assailing the Portuguese as their happy revolution of April 1974 lurches increasingly leftward, the sporting problems of the émigré population settled along the Algarve are not earthshaking, but they provide a striking microcosm of what happens when a regime based on extremes of privilege and poverty breaks up.

"Don't believe all the talk you hear in bars," Sir Harry says in farewell, but it seems worth investigating what has occurred at the golf and marina complex at Vilamoura, a few kilometers up the road. David Green is golf manager of the rolling course cut out of scrub and um-

brella pines, and it turns out to be no mere bar talk that he is in trouble. He is a lugubrious, gentle-mannered Englishman in his late 50s who woke up one morning recently to find EXPL. GREEN FROM PORTUGAL painted on the wall. Like many of the British, who make up a large part of the émigrés on the Algarve, he sold out at home and invested everything in Portugal. That was eight years ago. He has a villa, an orange grove and a job, and he doesn't know if he can keep any of them. He has had two visits from the army or, more properly, the Campanha Dinamização Cultural, members of the Armed Forces Movement who descend (sometimes literally by parachute or helicopter) on rural areas, instigating lightning campaigns to bring almost everything from literacy to sport to the neighborhood. Wouldn't it be nice, the soldiers asked Green, for some of the locals to learn how to play golf, as well as the rich European and American tourists? The cultural commandos were polite, but they made their point firmly, even though Green noted the attendant difficulties.

Nothing happened for a while. Then, last month, army trucks turned up at Vilamoura and disgorged 60 kids, 12- and 13-year-olds. They plunged joyfully into the hotel swimming pool, then lined up expectantly for their golf instruction. Green is anxious to be fair. "They were well-behaved," he says. "Their bottoms weren't hanging out of their trousers or anything like that. But I had to explain that what the army was asking was impossible. Too dangerous for a start." Green made a fast phone call to headquarters, and the officers who came to speak to him were, he says, reasonable and called the kids off. But a holding action, a disciplined retreat, is all that Green seems to think is possible.

At least he is staying where he is, negotiating with the Workers' Committee, which now controls Vilamoura. No such stand was made last month at the most prestigious of all Portuguese golf resort hotels, Penina, near Portimão, which lies farther west along the Algarve. Less than 10 years ago the Penina course was a rice paddy. Today its formal beauty is such that it could have been designed for Marie Antoinette. White villas are glimpsed through green copses made up of the 360,000 trees, Portuguese and alien, that

Henry Cotton planted before the course opened in 1966.

Henry Cotton is now 68, but his name is still revered, in England especially. He was a three-time winner of the British Open, and Penina is his creation, rating above the three other Algarve championship courses—Vilamoura, Vale de Lobo and Quinta do Lago—as one of the showpieces of the European golf circuit.

The Portuguese, however, no longer hold Cotton in high esteem, and what brought this about, or at least sparked it, was a little matter of lost golf balls. The one thing the Penina course lacks, golf buffs will tell you, is hills. To compensate for its flatness Cotton introduced an abundance of water hazards. Naturally, these absorb many golf balls during a season, an average of 55,000 according to the present Workers' Committee at Penina, which was incensed to discover that Cotton was making a 400% profit on recovered balls, paying groundskeepers about 15¢ apiece and reselling them to guests at 75¢. This fact emerged when Cotton's secretary, Rosa Giba, opened up the books to the committee. Other discoveries followed. Cotton, it is alleged, was also taking 10% of the greens fees, 10% on the sale of villa plots and 12¢ per diem on every guest. Altogether, with one thing and another, Cotton was making around \$250,000 a year from Penina. "Profiteering through exploitation," the committee labeled it, and asked Cotton where were the 36,000 golf balls they reckoned he had in stock. Cotton and his Argentinean wife Toos exploded. There was a rare shouting match with the caddy master, Francisco Jerônimo, and an appeal to the British consul, a Mr. Ben Battle, who advised Cotton to seek the process of law. After seeing an attorney, he stormed off, and the committee was left with the self-imposed task of counting the golf balls. It took them four days.

The Penina course is now run by the former caddy master on a somewhat more modest salary than Cotton's: around \$240 a month. Jerônimo is no extreme leftist but a composed, well-spoken man who has worked on courses in Holland and Germany. He is aware that his living and those of his fellow workers depend on golf tourism, and he'll tell you frankly that this depends on rich foreigners. "The trouble is," he says, "that our

(continued)

old customers can't accept what has happened. They see it the wrong way. In their countries people have always had their rights. We had no rights at all—to speak, to say anything. Now, this revolution didn't cause any dead people. There's no reason for people to be too frightened to come over and use our hotel. Our plans for golf are exactly the same as before. We don't want to spoil the place. We want to conserve it. We want to manage it better than it was, maybe even make it cheaper. Before, there was too much money being taken away from the hotel. Mr. Cotton had everything and the rest nearly nothing. A caddy was getting only \$36 American a month, plus his tips. Now he is paid \$175.

"Some people say that because there has been a revolution there is no law. That is not true. We are still willing to respect Mr. Cotton's contract. Nobody has touched his house. He could have stayed and talked things over, but he ran away. If we had wanted to do him harm we could have denounced him to the government. It is sad he brought things into the country illegally. There are a lot of rumors, one that Mr. Cotton is in Lisbon, another in Vila Real [just inside the Portuguese-Spanish border]."

In fact, Cotton is staying in the state-run hotel in Ayamonte, the nearest Spanish town to the Portuguese frontier. Two days after his flight, his stepdaughter, Isabel Moss, arrived from England to look after his Penina residence with its blue-tiled facade and wealth of paintings. Cotton began by saying he was "on holiday." The committee had offered to let him stay on at a salary of a little less than \$1,000 a month. He could also keep money from any golf lessons he gave. But he would have no other privileges since, the committee noted, he had amassed enough money to keep his villa, his five servants, his family and the donkey that acted as his caddy. Henry Cotton mulled it over and has decided to resign his post.

Not all foreign sporting entrepreneurs have found the going tough under the new regime, though. At Sagres, on the southwesterly tip of Portugal, Willy Pessoa, a Dutchman, has been running a fishing camp for the last 10 years. There has been a substantial drop in the number of German and French clients he's enjoyed in past seasons, but nobody has tried to have Pessoa *saneado*—purged or, literally, sanitized—and up at the state inn at Sagres any of the Portuguese

staff will tell you why. He's *integrado*, they say.

Go to the camp any evening and you'll find Willy integrating in fine style with the local fishermen, downing local beer by the bottle, a huge man with his belly bulging out of his less than exquisitely laundered shirt. Before the revolution Pessoa had taken on a Portuguese partner and since then he has had to hire an unnecessary mate, but you get the feeling that the townspeople would take it extremely ill if the cultural commandos tried to shift him.

The Algarve, though, is a recently established sporting center. The aristocratic Portuguese and royal exiles like Don Juan of Spain have always gone to Estoril, close by Lisbon, for their pleasures.

Few of them are left now. "Most of our members are in trouble," says Baron Frederic Beck, the doyen of the foreign aristocrats in Lisbon this is an Austrian title dating from pre-World War I, and he confesses, with a wink, to being 70 years old). He is talking about the St. Hubert Fox Hunt, among its officers the Countess of Barcelona, wife of Don Juan, and its whipper-in, the Conde de Monsaraz. "We hunted at Ribatejo, 45 miles from the city. Beautiful country. Cork trees, no wire fences. Just like England except that the foxes are gray. We had about 50 members before the revolution, now we have five or six. Most of them are in jail or they've fled to Brazil. And now I have these beautiful hounds I must get rid of. I thought I'd found a Brazilian who would pay the air freight, and they were due to leave this week. But the airline now wants four times as much, \$10,000, so they can't go. I expect they will be put down."

The baron, who still has an Austrian passport, is in trouble himself. This spring he was formally accused of breaking the hunting laws. "The charge is ridiculous," he says. "There is no law against fox hunting in Portugal. The sport is just in disrepute with the new regime. They think a horse is a symbol of wealth. Owning a motor cruiser is fine, but if you have a couple of horses you must be an aristocrat."

The sporting set in Lisbon and Estoril is lying low, everyone tells you, but one man who refuses to do so is Carlos Galvão de Melo, a four-star air force general who, in spite of his wealthy background, has impeccable antifascist credentials, having refused promotion from

the fascist regime in 1966 and resigned his commission in protest. He was re-mustered by General António de Spínola during the revolution. At the Lisbon Jockey Club last week he was working out on a big bay gelding, training for a show. Jumping, he says, is "a little reduced now," but he chuckles at the response one of his colonels made recently to a television interviewer who was hostile to the sport. "The Russians have 15 million horses for jumping, more than there are people in Portugal," the colonel pointed out dryly.

"Some organizers are now afraid of presenting show jumping," Galvão de Melo admitted, "but in my opinion we must go on. This has nothing to do with politics." Show jumping, though, a politically loaded sport in present-day Portugal. It was at the Nations Cup in the hippodrome last September that the big demonstrations against Spínola started, the ones that finally overthrew him. That night, General Galvão de Melo recalls, there was a dinner in Lisbon for foreign sportsmen. "I had been warned there would be trouble, but I went," he said. "I thought to myself, I must be a general before all things."

The general is a good survivor. In contrast to most of his class, he has stayed in Portugal; he won one of the very few Center Social Democratic seats in the recent election. Show jumping is his only sport. Unlike his German-born wife Sybille, he is not attracted by such pastimes as shooting.

Her sport is truly finished. Before the revolution the upper classes hunted in exclusive enclosures called *aramador* for game such as red-legged partridge. Once it cost \$10,000 a season to hunt on these estates. Now the fences have been ripped down, and anyone can hunt for free. "In two years' time," says Sybille flatly, "there won't be a sparrow left. They are exterminating everything."

Meanwhile, other, less energetic, pursuits continue. The famous casino at Estoril, though it is run by a Workers' Committee, still offers you a free drink and the crowd seems well dressed as ever. The manager of the Ritz has no power at all, not belonging to the establishment's operating committee, but the hotel is superbly run. As Francisco Jerónimo said in Penina, "This place is a nice place." In spite of all the tumult, you can't help agreeing with that. And wishing him and his small nation well. **END**

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Nobody's dry in Yakutat

When the rains come to this little Alaskan town, salmon fishermen and locals go to Glacier Beer Lodge, where the downpour continues—internally

by Robert F. Jones

Sooner or later, every ardent outdoorsman wonders what it would be like to live in Alaska. The attractions are obvious: the best big-game hunting and some of the best fishing, both freshwater and salt, left in North America. But the imagined detractions are equally powerful. Climate aside (and the oldtimers did not call it Seward's Icebox just for fun), what would the year-round outdoorsman, however ardent, do for kicks when he wasn't clouting brown bear, moose and mountain sheep with his trusty .338 or cranking in salmon, steelhead and Arctic char on his featherweight fly rod? It is one thing to love the raw, bleak beauty of a hunting ground as a visitor, to prefer the babble of a trout stream to the gabble of a cocktail party when you hear the former only a few times a year. It could be something else to live permanently in the middle of a strong, silent, impartially murderous gamescape where everything either bites or freezes.



As good a place as any for the cheechako (Alaskan for tenderfoot) to check out his adaptability to the sourdough life is the logging-and-fishing village of Yakutat (pop. 531 including bears), situated about midway up the Gulf of Alaska coast between Juneau and Anchorage. Tucked away beneath the frosty brow of Mount St. Elias, hemmed in by brooding glaciers and dense forests, fronting on the North Pacific whose swells roll in uninterrupted all the way from Japan, Yakutat is as remote as any 19th century American frontier outpost. The only access is by ship (infrequent at best) and plane (Alaska Airlines flies in every day, fog permitting, which all too frequently it does not). No television, no movie theater, no McDonald's—why, when a young couple wants to go sparking of an evening in Yakutat, they drive to the local dump and park, drive-in-movie fashion, to watch the brown bears grubbing through the garbage. Aha, thinks the cheechako, this is it!

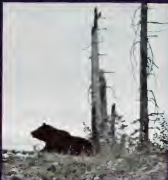
We shall see. This particular visit to Yakutat was supposed to include a float trip down the Situk River at the height of the fall coho salmon run. We would catch silvers by the score, kick bears off the sandbars to get at the better hot spots, watch wolves and eagles and otters at play along the sunny banks. Everything the ardent outdoorsman imagines in his Alaskan pipe dreams would be at our disposal. As it developed, a one-day downpour had nearly eight inches of rain on Yakutat just before our arrival, turning the Situk into a murky torrent unnavigable even by salmon. Thus our introduction to sourdough life was a wet one, both externally and internally. It became, in effect, a float trip down the Alaskan psyche. Along the way, we got to know Yakutat.

Yakutat is nothing like Skagway during the gold rush, nor is it anything like what Valdez will be once the pipeline starts pumping. Yakutat is nowhere near as big as Ketchikan, which has 18 bars and 20 churches, and nowhere near as tough as Kodiak. (When the king crabbers come in and congregate at Solly's, there is no town in the world as tough as Kodiak.) Practically every town in Alaska has its own character, except for Anchorage, which is really an upward extension of the lower 48, kind of a San Diego on the rocks.

All you have to do is look at the rain forest surrounding Yakutat—a coniferous jungle of Sitka spruce and Western hemlock, alder and willow, cottonwood, red cedar and Alaskan cypress—to realize that this is not Seward's Icebox. Further investigation confirms the judgment. For all of 200 days a year, Yakutat is frost-free. Thanks to the midnight sun, the mean July air temperature is a relatively tropical 55°, and the year-round average an amazing 36°. This despite the fact that the region receives an annual downpour of 133 inches, fully 100 falling from September through April, in the form of sleet, snow and icy rain. Though Ya-

CONTINUED

One day, Bobbi Frazer (top, left) went shooting without wearing her slacks and got "wetter" in the process, but she was wearing the big shoes and everybody caught salmon. Meanwhile, the brown bears, oblivious of the weather, took their evening meal at the garbage dump.





The regulars come in from the cold, listen to *The Music*, get a glow on. *mixologist* Stan

Yakutat *continued*

Yakutat is surrounded by some of North America's largest remaining glaciers—like the glowering, 1,500-square-mile Malaspina and the hulking blue Hubbard, whose falling bergs punctuate dawn and sunset with awesome roars—the stabilizing and warming presence of the Gulf of Alaska, just outside Yakutat's front door, keeps the weather temperate. "If you're really stupid, you can die of the cold up here," says one of the locals, "but it's unlikely that you'll freeze still."

Yes, indeed. The difference on the thermometer between freezing (32°) and fine fettle (98.6°) is great enough to permit a leap death by hypothermia. Any cheechako who forgets his slicker when he goes out duck hunting on the wind-whipped flats of Yakutat, or salmon fish-

ing on the fast, brown streams below the glaciers, learns the difference soon enough. Continued exposure at 40 above can kill you just as dead as 40 below. The only advantage is that the bears who clean up your carcass won't blunt their teeth on frozen meat.

So that's the outside—warm enough if you keep your rain gear zipped and your wits about you. Inside, it is warmer still. The social center of Yakutat is the Glacier Bear Lodge, a tidy motel-cum-restaurant-cum-saloon opened in late 1973 by Doug Ross, the town's leading lumberman. If you have to come in from the cold, Glacier Bear is as good a place as any. The lodge is named for Yakutat's finest hunting trophy, a rare, gun-metal-blue variation of the common black bear (*Euarctos americanus*) that is

found in the chilly glacial moraines between Yakutat and Glacier Bay, 150 miles to the southeast. Ross has two of the beasts mounted in the round. They dominate the snug, pine-paneled lodge and, viewed through a haze of whiskey-colored light halloed by tobacco smoke, with the electric music pumping out of the juke, they seem to be posing for clothings. But their tailor is Jonas Brothers, not Brooks Brothers. On the walls flanking them are nailed the hides of another glacier bear and a big brown bear, a close relative of the grizzly (*Ursus horribilis*), complete with heads, jaws agape.

Like the Tlingit Indians who occupied Yakutat before them, the locals respect and revere the brown bear. Very few are killed by hunters, since the people of Yakutat look upon them as company of a



Rowsey; waitress Jenny Valle; Reddy Bowbridge; pilot Dale Forestack; chief cook and bartender Maggie Brown; salmon clubber Bill Fraker.

kind—it's a real thrill to be walking out to the garbage can and find a tall, brown, shaggy visitor there before you. You either stop stock still or run for the nearest tree. Yet no one in Yakutat seems to bear any malice toward the bears. When they destroy an expensive set of garbage cans, the locals merely shrug and buy a new set.

One recalls the old tales of miners during the gold rush, men beset by cabin fever, who welcomed the arrival of wolves, bears and wolverines to their cabins—anything for a little excitement. Here, perhaps, is a whole town infected with cabin fever. . . .

It is nowhere near freezing out there, maybe 42° at the coldest, yet coming in from the hard, steady west wind thick

with rain we are shaking like Sam McGee just before they touched off the pyre. Bobby Fraker heads straight for the coffee pot.

"How'd you do?" asks Maggie Brown from her favorite seat just under the head of the brown-bear skin. She is drinking coffee with Kahlua in it.

"We got wetter'n we got ducks," says Bobby.

Bobby's dad, old Bill Fraker, comes out of the kitchen. He walks with that bounce you see on the feisty little dogs they run after the bears up here, coming up on the balls of his feet, elbows out, shoulders swinging. He rubs his hands on the apron and smiles his tan smile.

"You dummy," he says to his son, not without affection. "I told you to take

along those slickers. I told you to take along that thermos of coffee. Sunny this morning, sleet this afternoon. So you didn't get no ducks or geese, you only got cold, you dummy."

That is Bill Fraker's favorite form of address. He uses it the way other men use the word "pal." He is small and wiry, with a great gift of gab, and he does not care what anyone thinks of him. He thinks enough of himself to get away with it. If not, he is ready to fight you. He is 55 years old and counting.

"I didn't say that we didn't get nothing," says Bobby, grating his teeth against the shivers. "We got some birds. But we got darn wet, too." It is hard to tell which was making him shake worse, the soaking or his father.

"Where was you?"

—continued

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"Up on the Ahrnklin. There was plenty of birds, but we couldn't get close to them. When you came up on them, even behind the brush, they spooked on out of there before you got into range. I got two geese and he got six ducks. Teal and sawbills."

Maggie gets up and walks over to the bar for another sweetening of Kahlua. She is a tall, rawboned blonde, with hands as big and hard as a man's, and a voice that has earned her the nickname "Maude." She is 53, born in Cloverdale, Ore. and came to Alaska in 1961. "I toured, first Ketchikan, then Petersburg, Juneau, Sitka, most of the Southeast," she said. "I came to Yakutat two months ago. Since then I've been in a car wreck and fell through the kitchen floor, plus a guy who was snitching booze out of the cold room Sunday-punched me." Maggie is the lodge's chief cook and bottle washer, an excellent performer in the kitchen whose hard-boiled, hash-house-waitress conversational style belies her talent as a cook, particularly when she is working with the fresh bay scallops for which the lodge is justly famous.

It is Friday evening, the start of the magic weekend. Down in the lower, softer America, where most people work indoors, the concept of The Weekend as a bacchanalian blowout—a wild, alcoholic, hard-knuckled outburst against the rigors of the work week—has faded in recent years. Not so in Yakutat. These people have spent five mean days hauling salmon nets from the glacial water or wielding chain saws in the dripping, moss-floored forest. They have been out there among the seals and wolves and bears, the silence and the wet. What they want now is music and wine—the madder and stronger the better—and plenty of people around them.

Fortunately for this weekend's prospects, the fog had lifted just long enough for The Music to fly in from Anchorage. The Music is so important an element to the weekend that there is no need for the people of Yakutat to elaborate the concept any further. In this case, it is a country-and-Western singer named Nancy Lee and her two sidemen. Nancy Lee is a plump prima donna, easily given to piques of foot-stamping and tears. (Nothing ever goes right for celebrities.) Her sidemen, it seems, are certifiably blind, though the taller, fatter one apparently has some residual vision, shad-

ows and shapes perhaps. It is curious to watch him leading the shorter, blonder one around the lodge compound. They are both young and jolly, and whenever they fall off the porch into the icy mud or crash into one of the mossy stumps that surround the lodge, they laugh heartily. Between sets they drink a lot and tell jokes that set the room roaring. The music itself is pretty good—Nancy Lee has a hard, whiny voice that cuts some of the syrup from the country lyrics, and the blind boys have nimble fingers.

In the "stronger wine" department, Stan Rowsey is the chief innovator. A driver of dump trucks and road graders for the State Highway Department during the week, Rowsey comes into his own as an alchemist of alcoholic beverages during the weekend. "You get bored drinking just whiskey or beer," he says. "Why not play around with the ingredients?"

With Bobby Fraker performing the mixing honors behind the bar, Stan orders up round after round of his favorites. The subtly destructive White Cadillac (Galliano and cream) is, in Rowsey's phrase, "the buddest good drink going—it makes you fatter and drunker and sicker than anything imaginable, except maybe a cod-liver oil and kerosene cocktail, and it's so expensive that only an idiot would order more than one."

Then there is the Black Irishman (crème de menthe and crème de cacao), prescribed for those pauses in a long, hard night of drinking when remorse sets in: "Order a Black Irishman and you'll get the conversation moving again, and maybe even a fistfight."

And finally the Rowsey masterpiece, the so-called Red Brick. A blood-red concoction of vodka, tequila and sloe gin, topped with a cherry and a slice of lime, it looks good but tastes dreadful. "That's the beauty of it," says Randy Burbridge, another bearded wildman who is Rowsey's partner in destructive potables. "You think it's going to be one of those sneaky-sweet lady's drinks, you take a big swallow, and pow!"

"Yeah," says Dale Firestack. "The people up here have strange ways of amusing themselves." At the age of 47, Dale is Yakutat's top bush pilot. He flew in 17 years earlier on a chance mission, up from Washington state, and never left. "I'd just gotten divorced," he says, "and the only thing I owned was my air-

plane. When I landed here, a guy asked me to fly him up to Dry Bay—he'd pay me well for the job. 'Where's Dry Bay?' I asked him. 'Don't worry,' he said, 'you fly and I'll show you.' It was money in my hot little hand, so I did it. After that the jobs came in so thick and fast that I've never been able to get back down south to Washington." Small, wiry, gray and scarred from many minor crashes, Dale is currently married for a third time, to a warm and lovely schoolteacher named Betty, and between them they have 10 children.

"Strange ways of amusement," chuckles Betty. "A couple of winters ago, the highway guys pushed all their snow—from the plows, you know—into a big hill right near our house. It must have been nearly 200 feet high, and the bank running up it was probably 75 degrees steep. All of these yahoos had to see if they could run their snowmobiles over it. Everyone is town turned out. The more they ran up it, the tougher and twistier it got, with new angles and alleys developing as the snow was compressed into ice. Some of the guys made it over, but poor Homer Ogle. Remember that, honey? His snow machine flipped right back over on top of him. Cracked a few ribs. I guess he was lucky."

Doug Ross ambles up to the bar. Under his checked cap, cocked back on his high forehead, and his loose woolen lumberjack's shirt, his long face and sloping shoulders give a definite ursine impression; he is as harmless a bear as those whose hides adorn his establishment. Doug is worried about the fishing. Only four salmon in as many days. He wants his customers to be happy. Maybe by tomorrow the weather will be better.

"Let's go outside and take a look," he says.

We walk out the front door and stand at the edge of the snag heaps. Fog swirls and snakes around the lights in the parking lot while Doug stares upward at a sky that cannot be more than two feet over his head. Inside The Music puffs madly and we hear the raucous laughter of Rowsey and Burbridge, inventing new drinks, no doubt. That, thinks the cheerleader, is the true Call of the Wild.

"Yep," says Ross finally. "It'll be clear tomorrow. I'll send you out with someone who'll get you into fish."

A likely story. . . .

By the following morning, wonder of

continued

wonders, the weather had cleared. Walking out of the lodge, one could see the whole fanged horizon—a world rimmed by mountains almost Himalayan in their thrust and gleam. The great blue glaciers actually seemed to be moving, and it was suddenly easy to see why the early Germans, observing similar phenomena in the Alps, called them *eiswandler*—ice dragons. Even the heretofore glowering, moss-hung forest and the tangled snag heaps surrounding the lodge wore an aura of animation.

"The river should be down now," says Roy Bowman as he bounces his Datsun pickup over the gravel road toward the Nine-Mile Bridge of the Situk River. "Salmon should be up and eager to hit." Bowman, the accountant who plays Johnny Inkslinger to Doug Ross' Bunyan, is a mild-mannered, bespectacled little sourdough who lives for salmon and steelhead fishing. He is, in the local vernacular, an "egg fisherman," eschewing artificial lures to go after his prey with gobs of sticky salmon spawn. The technique worked well enough two springs earlier to procure him a 17-pound steelhead and a congratulatory "trophy plaque" from the Alaska Fish and Game Department. It hangs in a place of honor in the lodge, beside the coffeepot.

The Situk was indeed down, a good two feet lower than the previous day's level, and looking from the bridge into the fast, brassy water one could see the dark, leg-long shapes of the cohoes holding in the faster riffles and in the strong currents that undercut the bank. Trouble was, the Dolly Vardens and cutthroat trout were there, too. No sooner would Bowman flip his weighted spawn sack into the stream, hoping to drift it under the bent noses of the waiting salmon, than a pursuit squadron of egg-hungry trout would appear and rip the offering to bits. A heavy, No. 4, orange-bladed Mepps spinner worked better, but the salmon it caught proved a bit too dark to keep. The longer that salmon have been in the fresh water on their spawning run, the darker, softer and weaker they get, thus the less desirable both for sport and eating. This one went back into the river to complete its biological mission, as did three more hooked later that morning during a hike upstream. Not so the predatory trout that we caught. "They smoke up real good," said Bowman, "and the river's got too dangd

many of 'em to begin with." They were hefty trout, averaging nearly a pound, with one cutthroat measuring almost two feet—obviously well-fed fish, feasting now on salmon spawn and later in the year on the tiny salmon alevins as they emerged from the redds.

Still, it had been a disappointing morning. Where were the great schools of salmon fresh in from the sea, their sides gleaming silver and studded with sea lice? The strong, reel-busting, line-popping newcomers that would justify a trip to this wild end of the world?

"I'll take you to 'em," said Bill Fraker that noon, back at the lodge. "You dumb cheechakos gotta be took by the hand and led right up to them salmon, don't you? Well, that's where I'll take ya." And he did.

The day was still bright as Fraker ran his 16-foot skiff at full speed up Tawash Creek. It was a narrow, shallow meander of mixed tidal and fresh water, its banks open muskies in which grew marsh margold and bog rosemary, Alaska iris and Labrador tea. Bald eagles perched vulturelike in the few spruce and hemlocks along the bank. Out of every deep hole flushed schools of salmon—above the bridge where we put in, at first, just small groups, but as we progressed farther upstream it seemed that at our approach the whole stream bed got up and moved, a roiling, black-and-silver convulsion.

"Didn't I tell ya?" cackled Fraker, his stained slouch hat pulled down tight above his beady blue eyes. "Didn't I tell ya, ya dumb cheechakos? Haw, haw, haw!"

We stopped two miles upstream and began the drift back down to the truck. The tide was ebbing now, and the boat moved fast through the pools. These fish were no easy marks—it took a long line to avoid spooking them and the rod held high to keep them from hanging up in the bankside snags or simply eluding the spool with a steady, uncheckable run around the next bend—but in the first four casts, four salmon hooked up and three were boated. These were bright fish—silvery still, finely speckled, with plump, full flanks that heaved powerfully. They were jumpers, as were the rest we caught that afternoon, a total of 12 fine fish. Jumpers, runners, thrashers, boilers, greyhounding up and down the

narrow stream that seemed far too small for so strong and large a fish.

Since we had no landing net and were using eight-pound line, it was often necessary to jump out of the boat while fighting a fish and ease it ashore onto the grassy margin of the bank. None of these fish weighed less than 10 pounds, and the biggest ran to 16, so we lost quite a few at the boat or along the bank. But no one was keeping count—there was no time to count, only to cast, rear back to set the hook, then start the frantic salmon ballet over thwarts and tackle boxes to the tune of a screaming drag, trying to keep the lines clear of snags and one another, with the skiff meanwhile drifting fast downstream through the bends, hanging up now and then on a gravel bar or a sawyer, the fish of the moment finally rolling, a silver flash close at hand, surging away again, then finally into the boat, thumping like a mad drummer as Fraker clubbed it to death.

It was as fast and furious an hour of sport as any light-tackle angler could wish, and it more than made up for the days of waiting out the weather, the drenchings of both rain and booze that constitute the price of admission to Alaska's silver salmon mine. When we got back to the truck, the weather had settled in again. A low, wet, soggy sky had replaced the topless blue of the morning. There was rain on the wind, just a misty edge of it, and the gleaming ice dragons had retreated to their foggy lair.

Wheeling into the gravel yard surrounding Glacier Bear Lodge, the cheechako noticed for the first time that the building had no windows. And simultaneously he realized why. Living in a land as bleak and strong as this, lashed by fierce weather and lashing out at the land's creatures to earn a living, it too intense an experience to be endured full time. Windows would only let that land look in on men and remind them that they would have to go out into it again quite soon. Fraker yanked open the door to the lodge and flashed his wolfman grin into the warm, smoky dark.

"Hey, you dummies!" he yelled. "Come on out here and take a look at these minnows we caught!"

The music blared. Glasses tinkled and bottles chugged. Not a reveler moved from his bar stool. Maggie Brown gestured with her Kahlaa bottle: "C'mon in, the weather's fine!"

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Cut this chart out and put it in your phone book.

Dark side of the moon

Among major-leaguers who shot it and flamed out was John Odom—sent packing to Atlanta after pitching a two-hit shutout for Cleveland

A number of major leaguers couldn't win for losing last week. First, consider Pitcher John (Blue Moon) Odom, recently traded from Oakland to Cleveland. Odom had demanded an additional \$8,000 from the Indians, reasoning that the move East was likely to cost him a bundle in playoff and World Series shares. The Cleveland front office said no way. Given a start last week, Odom pitched a two-hitter, defeating the Royals 4-0. The word on the right guard was still no and, what's more, Odom learned that the club had placed him on waivers. When Atlanta claimed him, Cleveland struck a bargain—Odom and a player to be named later for Pitcher Roric Harrison. At week's end Cleveland was seven games out of first, Atlanta, 7½. Odom's prospects for additional loot? Nil.

And then there was the matter of the hustling Giants. Giving their all, Catcher Dave Rader and Third Baseman Ed Goodson pursued a pop-up in a game with Chicago. They collided, and Rader was sidelined with a severely sprained knee. After Gary Matthews broke his thumb in a fight with teammate Derral Thomas, newcomer Jake Brown was given a chance to play left field. Trying to impress everyone with an all-out effort in his first start, against Montreal, Brown raced long and hard after a well-hit ball. His hustle was for naught, the ball wound up a home run and Brown joined Rader and Matthews on the sideline with a depressed cheekbone—his reward for crashing into the fence.

THE WEEK

(June 21)

AL EAST

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THE RED SOX? asked a Boston Globe headline. Well, during a 5-1 week, almost everything. In need of an added starter, Manager Durrell Johnson called on Dick Pole, a freeballer from Trout Creek, Mich.

who had been sitting idly in the bullpen. Pole baffled the White Sox 4-0 on three hits. Red Sox batters also did little wrong. After Boston overtook Chicago to win 7-6, Leftfielder Bernie Carbo said, "This had to be the most thrilling game of the season." What made it so thrilling was Boston scoring four times in the bottom of the ninth. During that uprising three pinch hitters in a row—Carbo, Tim McCarver and Cecil Cooper—hit safely. Rick Burleson applied the finishing touch with a two-out single. The Red Sox also beat the Twins 11-9 (Doug Griffin batting his first home run in two years), 13-10 (although outbit 14-8, Boston got two home runs and six RBIs from Dwight Evans) and then won 3-1 behind Bill Lee's tight pitching. No one, though, was righter than Fred Lynn, who batted .417.

Vaulting from fourth place to second, the Yankees swept six in a row. In five games they had 10 or more hits, and they batted .303 and scored 37 runs during the week to lead the majors with a .265 season average and 4.8 runs per game. Bobby Bonds, who hit .385, bopped five homers and drove in 10 runs. He also set big-league records by hitting lead-off home runs Nov. 29 and 30. Bonds, who had been at 197 after 32 games, brought his average up to .253, led the majors with 15 homers and tied for the league RBI lead with 41. Rudy May and Pat Doison both earned their fifth and sixth victories.

For Cleveland, 3-3, the big stick was wielded by Manager Frank Robinson, whose two three-run homers sank Texas 7-5. "The team gets a bigger kick out of it than I do," he said. "I guess you might say we're opposites. I excite them and they excite me." They excited him most when they beat Kansas City 8-1, tying the score on rookie Rick Manning's triple in the ninth and winning on Buddy Bell's 13th-inning homer.

The Orioles' anemic offense—their .234 team batting average is the second lowest in either league—was at its worst as they split their first four games. During that period they hit .184, and all their runs in a 3-2 win over the Royals came on sacrifice flies. Then the Baltimore attack sprang to life for a 7-3 victory over Kansas City, the Orioles' highest run production in four weeks.

Detroit's Mickey Lolich, who does most things right-handed, gave further proof that

he was right about being a left-handed pitcher. In raising his strikeouts total to 2,586 Lolich moved past Warren Spahn into the No. 5 spot on the all-time list and supplanted him as the No. 1 lefty. During a 4-3 week for the Tigers, Lolich won twice, Lerrin LaGrew beat the A's 3-0 and Willie Horton hit two more homers.

Attendance in the majors is up almost 500,000 from last year, and nowhere in the AL has it climbed as much as in Milwaukee, where the Brewers are 160,000 fans ahead. But artistic success lagged behind. The Brewers wasted a 5-1 lead in the first game of a doubleheader with the Royals, losing it 13-6, and blew the second 11-5.

Milwaukee pitching, which had been superb early on, continued to wilt and the team's ERA, second best in the league at 3.10 on May 1, soared to 4.09, next to last. The Brewers, 2-5, bottomed out with a 13-4 loss to their Sacramento Solon farmhands as Ed Sprague was rocked for 10 runs and four consecutive home runs.

BOX 28-18 NY 37-34 DET 23-24
MIL 22-26, CLEV 22-27 BAL 22-28

AL WEST "I don't thank anybody can be better than me," said Minnesota's Rod Carew. No one gave him any backchat, especially the Yankees, against whom he went one for 10 and socked three homers. In one of the hottest spots ever, Carew was 12 for 13 and raised his average to .425. He was finally swung a bat in Boston, where he got only one hit in six at bats and was temporarily sidelined after being clipped on the elbow by a pick-off attempt. But even with Carew in line form, nobody could lose like the Twins. They did so six straight times as their pitchers gave up 11 home runs and 45 runs. Most severely battered was Jim Hughes, who began the week with a 1.53 ERA and then was tagged for 17 hits and 13 runs in 8½ innings.

Opposing teams have been overshifting against left-hand-biting John Mayberry of the Royals, who started the week hitting .210. Mayberry went to Henry Aaron for advice. "The Man told me not to concern myself with the shift, not to worry about hitting to left," Mayberry reported. So he unconcernedly went 14 for 27, hit two homers, had nine RBIs and boosted his average to .255. Kansas City won its first three games, moving to the top in the West, then tumbled back to second by losing four in a row.

Elaborating on his belief that he would soon raise his average, Oakland's Reggie Jackson said, "Will the sun rise in the East?" The sun did its number, but Jackson was still set in the West with a .241 average as the A's lost four of six. Yada Blue was shelled twice and the A's made their first error in

89 innings. On the positive side, attendance was up over 70,000 and Oakland held on to first place, thanks to the Royals' slump.

With Nolan Ryan (page 42) at his fireballing best, the Angels won five of six, but Texas struggled to win two of five. The Rangers got past the Orioles 3-2 in 12 innings as Jackie Brown pitched 4½ innings of hitless relief. And they held off the Indians 5-4, again in 12 innings, on hits by Mike Har- grove and Lenny Randle.

AL batters continued to knock on Wood Wilbur, the Chicago knuckleballer, was a two-time loser and was left with some dismal stats: a 2-10 record, 5.76 ERA and 122 hits allowed in 89½ innings. Chicago's time- best offensive weapon during a 2-5 week was a bases-loaded walk by means of which it edged the Tigers 3-2.

OAK 30-22 KC 30-24 CAL 27-27
TEX 28-26 MINN 23-28 CHI 22-28

NL WEST A month ago, when Cincinnati trailed Los Angeles by four games, Sparky Anderson boldly predicted that his Reds would take first place on June 2. And that's exactly the way it happened. The Reds got seven RBIs from both Joe Morgan and Johnny Bench. They also got three five-hit, one-run wins, two by Jack Billingham, one by Don Gullett.

Los Angeles took two of three games at Montreal, Don Sutton becoming the majors' first 10-game winner with a 6-5 squeaker and Andy Messersmith coming out on top 3-0. Mike Marshall, pitching for the first time since injuring his left side a month ago, tossed three scoreless innings to save a 3-2 defeat of the Phillies. In their three other outings, though, the Dodgers lost.

Phil Niekro of Atlanta won twice and Carl Morton snapped a personal six-game losing streak as he beat New York 7-3. That helped the Braves, 3-7, to gain on fourth-place San Diego, which won but once. It was hard to say which was worse, the Padres' offense (eight runs, 24 hits) or their pitching (24 runs, 37 hits and nine homers allowed).

It was sleepy time for Houston bats as the Astros managed to produce only 13 runs per game and lost seven straight. San Francisco, 2-4, rattled Montreal 13-5 and Chicago 10-5. Rightfielder Bobby Murcer was on a fine old tear, scoring nine times and driving in 10 runs. He hit three homers and .520 for the week.

GIN 32-22 LA 33-22 SF 28-28
SD 28-27 ATL 28-30 HOUS 20-28

NL EAST Although the Phillies' Dick Allen was hitting only .177, teammates Mike Schmidt and Greg Luzinski insisted he was invaluable to

continued



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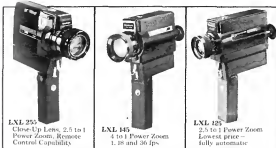
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BASEBALL continued

the club in general and to them in particular, if only for his batting tips. Heeding the tips, Schmidt and Luongo went on a rampage. During one soon of 13 at bats, Schmidt had eight hits, five homers and 10 RBIs, and Luongo contributed three home runs and nine RBIs. Then, in the week's finale, Allen broke loose himself by slugging his first two homers since returning to Philly. These came in a 4-0 victory over the Dodgers that climaxed a 14-homer week for the Phillies, who won five of six.

Pittsburgh, 3-2, clung precariously to first place as Richie Heiber broke out of his slump with homers in a pair of one-run wins. But his resurgence was offset by the loss of Patcher Ken Brett, who was disabled with a sore elbow.

St. Louis, 5-1, swept Atlanta—1-0 as Lynn McGlothen tossed a four-hitter, then 4-2 and 5-2 as Al Hrabosky guided his seventh and eighth saves. Next it was on to Houston, where Bob Forsch won 6-0 on a two-hitter and McGlothen won again 3-1. Outfielder Willie Davis had four hits in his first 10 games up for St. Louis after being obtained in a trade with Texas for Shortstop Eddie Brinkman and Patcher Tommy Moore.

New York, 4-3, got superb pitching against Houston: Jon Matlack won 2-0, Tom Hall 4-3, Jerry Koosman 1-0 and Tom Seaver 2-1. Dave Kingman hit a three-run homer in the second game but feared he might be removed for a pinch hitter in the last when he came up in the eighth inning with the bases full and the score 1-1. Had he been lifted, Kingman said he would have "thrown the bat into the upper deck." Given a chance to take his cuts, Kingman singled, and the Mets won.

Chicago, 3-3, finished another fine home stand, taking a series from L.A. for the first time since August 1973. While building their home record to 19-8 the Cubs also beat the Giants 6-5 when Bill Madlock tied the score in the ninth with a homer and settled matters in the 10th with a double. Then the Cubs went on the road and lost twice, they are 9-15 out of town.

Montreal pinchers were their own worst enemies, walking 25 men and wild-pitching across four runs in 36 innings. Dennis Blair was yanked after five hitless innings against the Dodgers because of a blister—and because he trailed 3-0 as the result of two walks, an error, two wild pitches and a sacrifice fly. The Dodgers went on to win by that score despite being out 8-2. In another game the Expos had four homers, but all for naught as Montreal lost to the Giants 13-5. However, Woodie Fryman came through: He beat L.A. 5-3 and completed his fifth game, thereby equaling his total for the past two years with Detroit.

PIT 27-20 CHI 30-22 NY 35-22
PHIL 27-24 ST.L. 24-22 MONT 10-37



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Three into 2 miles who go, go, go

One Indiana high school has come up with three sub-nine-minute men

Most interested parties, especially those living on the West Coast, are still shaking their stopwatches in disbelief. Track coaches and athletes from distance-running meccas such as Eugene, Ore. and Southern California cannot fathom how three high school two-milers from the state of Indiana—Hoosiers, for Pete's sake, who slosh through ice and snow half the year—could all have broken nine minutes in the same year. But such is the case. As of May 29, anyway, when Indiana had the No. 1, the No. 2 and the No. 4 high school two-milers in the nation.

A closer look, and the real shock sets in. Rudy Chapa (1), Tim Keough (2) and Carey Pinkowski (4) are not merely from

the same state—they attend the same school. They wear the purple and white of Hammond High, a school in the northwestern corner of the state that has no track of its own to serve perhaps the finest set of distance runners in prep history. Previously, no high school in the country had produced even a pair of sub-nine-minute two-mile teammates in one season. For three to turn up a few lockers apart, and in Indiana, is the stuff of which dreams are made.

Or nightmares, as Hammond High opponents might say. "Do I know who they are?" cried Tom Mather of West Lafayette, Ind. before a regional meet late last month. "Everybody here knows Pinkowski, Chapa and Keough. It can't be an accident that there are three of them in one place—they must have a good coach—but we're tired of losing to them. I'm not a bad two-miler myself; I won our sectional at home. Yet I'm 50 seconds slower than these guys."

Record keepers are similarly impressed. "More than 668,000 boys competed in high school track this year," says Jack Shepard of *Track & Field News*, "and nearly a million times were recorded for the two-mile alone. The fact that three runners from the same high school were in the top four in May is hard to accept."

Running more than 100 miles in train-

ing each week goes a long way toward explaining how Keough, Pinkowski and Chapa can produce times as good as or better than those of the best runners from more suitable climates. Surprisingly, the thousands of hours they have spent running together have not made them close friends. They are far too competitive and too divergent in personality and background.

Pinkowski, the rich-kid star of the trio (even though he was behind the others on that two-mile list), is a senior with such regard for his own ability as a storyteller that he records zingers on tape to delight Hammond High partygoers. With his new Buck Skyhawk ready for takeoff in the school parking lot and his shoulder-length hair and scruffy beard lookin' so right under a Dave Wottle-type visor ("I wore this hat before Wottle made his famous"), Pinkowski is no shrinking violet.

He is no less impressive on the track, with an 8:56.2 clocking in the two-mile and a 4:12.4 mile. On May 1, when he ran the 8:56.2, it was the second-fastest time in the nation. However, Pinkowski was used more in the mile through much of the spring, and both Chapa and Keough, pushing each other hard, bettered his two-mile time.

Chapa, a junior "from Tacoville—way, way across the tracks," has to put up with being called "the nicest boy in school" by his teachers every time he turns around. When Chapa crossed the finish line early in May with Keough at his heels, he was timed in 8:52.6. Two weeks later, in the sectionals, he did 8:51 flat—then the fastest high school time this year. (On June 7 Eric Hulst ran 8:45 and Ralph Serra 8:46 in the California State Meet at San Diego. The high school record of 8:41 was set in 1973 by Craig Virgin of Lebanon, Ill.) Chapa also has run 4:11 in the mile, 12th nationally at the time.

Keough is a late-blooming senior who gave up football because he contracted an inflammatory condition involving his knees called Osgood-Schlatter disease. He moved along solidly but unremarkably in the two-mile for a couple of years before suddenly exploding this spring. Between April 9 and May 3 he lowered his personal best from 9:25 to 8:52.8. No one seemed more surprised than Keough.

The city of Hammond is located 25

continued



HAMMOND HIGH'S REMARKABLE TRIO: RUDY CHAPA, TIM KEOUGH, CAREY PINKOWSKI



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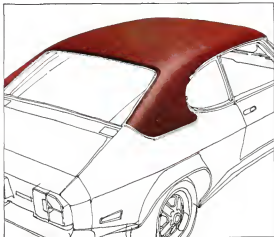
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TRACK & FIELD — continued

miles southeast of Chicago in "The Region," as the area is known by its downstate detractors. Surrounded by the steel mills of Gary and East Chicago and the oil refineries of Whiting, it is the kind of place that makes it difficult for a young runner to fantasize that he is really Jim Ryun making his way across a scenic Kansas plain. In winter, when Maywood Park, their most-favored running area, is covered with snow, Pinkowski, Chapa and Keough take to city streets that overflow with automobiles. During the "spring"—a fleeting phenomenon that lasts about three days in northern Indiana—the mercury may climb to 90° or stay down around 40°.

"How can I develop distance runners in this environment?" says Hammond High's 27-year-old coach, Dan Candiano. "Well, the stress actually seems to strengthen our athletes, make them tougher. Besides, they know I'm gonna be out there running five or six miles with them every morning no matter what the weather. I think the only thing that ever stops us is lightning."

This 6 a.m. wake-up workout, combined with afternoon practice and meets, adds up to as many as 130 miles per week for each of Candiano's distance prodigies—a figure many college coaches feel is too high for a young body to handle. But Chapa, Pinkowski and Keough thrive on it. The morning before he ran his 8:31 in the sectionals, Chapa jogged from Hammond to Griffith, Ind. and back, maybe 15 miles in all. To "cool down" after the meet, Pinkowski and Keough ran home with him—another five miles.

"Oh yes, we run to other cities," Chapa says brightly, sounding like a Fred MacMurray ad for Greyhound. And Chapa has service home from other states as well. "Earlier this year I was disqualified from a race in Thornton, Ill. because I wore the wrong color shorts," he says. "I was pretty upset and I needed the mileage, so I skipped the team bus and ran back to school. I guess it must have been about 10 miles."

Such runners do not just happen. Back in 1972 Candiano heard Pinkowski making fun of a 4:19 mile Jim Ryun produced in a comeback attempt. Candiano dared Pinkowski to see how fast he could run a mile. Pinkowski admits he has not forgotten the horrors of his 6:19. But one year later he had run 4:19.3, and as he

improved he set an example for Chapa, the little guy a year behind him in school. Soon the two of them were winning races from 880 yards to two miles, leading from start to finish and running away from all competition but themselves. To say they have been very nearly perfect during the last two seasons of cross-country and track is to take a shortcut through their press clippings:

- Pinkowski was undefeated over any distance above half a mile.
- Pinkowski set new course and meet records in 28 consecutive cross-country races.
- Chapa was undefeated in track and was beaten only once by someone other than Pinkowski in cross-country.
- Chapa was the first high school runner in Indiana history to break nine minutes for two miles.
- Pinkowski and Chapa created such a stir during last fall's cross-country season with their "co-championships"—

intentionally running hand in hand across the finish line—that Indiana track officials said that henceforth teammates doing this would be disqualified.

In addition, Hammond High could have won the last two state track titles, if Indiana rules did not forbid distance men from running in more than one event. This was why Candiano shifted Pinkowski to the mile, leaving Chapa and Keough in the two-mile. Pinkowski bristles over that strategy. Neither was he happy with the hand-in-hand co-championships with Chapa—a piece of sportsmanship that was solely Candiano's idea. To alleviate the tension, Candiano thought of letting Pinkowski and Chapa go all out against each other this spring in what would have amounted to a match race, but the opportunity never arose.

"There's still no way to get a big head around here," says Pinkowski, whose laid-back cocky demeanor is mostly a front. "You can go out and run an eight-

fifty-something, but you'll get no respect from our freshman runners. You come back afterward and they say, 'Nice race, Carey, but I could've kicked your butt.'"

Keough, somewhat in awe of his more accomplished teammates, says, "They are as dependable as the rising sun the way they win, win, win. They are always up there ahead of you—purple and white in the lead—pulling you along."

As usual, Pinkowski has to have the last word, possibly trying out a new routine before committing it to tape. "The three of us were running down the street just the other day," he says, with a glance toward Chapa and Keough to see if they are listening. "when this guy leans out of the window of his car and starts swearing at us. I let him have a few choice ones right back. You know what he does then? He jumps out of the car and tries to catch us. *On foot!* Can you imagine? He gave up after one block. He probably couldn't have caught us in his car." **END**

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The Pied Piper of Miami

Former miner, gambler and obscure Scottish player, Ronnie Sharp has attracted a large following as a Toro star and a teacher of the game



In Florida, Ronnie Sharp is The Pied Piper of Soccer; in Mexico, *El Rubio Escocés*, or the blond Scotsman. But the Miami Toros midfielder does not care what they call him, as long as they call him. "I like to be noticed," he says, and he is, for the first time in his life, everywhere, unavoidably. One Miami matron asked him, "What language do you speak in Scotland, and how long did it take you to learn English?"

Before a recent game Sharp told a reporter, "We're gonah coom ow here toonc an ge em frostrayid," which, as usual, he played a major part in doing.

What is not usual is that people noticed. They were Floridians, and they had been weaned on sports statistics—RBIs and rushing yardage—and in soccer they want goals. Midfielders do not, as a rule, score, but as of last week, after only nine games, Ronnie Sharp had seven assists, more than any other player in the North American Soccer League, and most of them came on real boomers, long spectacular passes from way upfield. No NASL midfielder outruns Sharp, either, though he smokes a pack of Kents a day, and always, wherever he is on the field, he creates an almost eerie sense that

something dramatic is about to happen.

It is difficult to gauge Ronnie Sharp's value to his team, except to say that it is growing. Last year he had only one assist and two goals in 20 games (he has one goal this year so far), and still was fourth in the league's Most-Valuable-Player voting, behind three high-scoring forwards. Sharp's teammate Steve David, who was second in last year's Rookie-of-the-Year balloting, currently leads the NASL in scoring with 10 goals, so it is not surprising that the Toros have a 7-2 record, second best in the league.

Says Toro Coach Greg Myers, "Ron puts in 90 minutes of go-go-go every game. He runs, keeps running and never quits."

Says another Toro midfielder, Alan Tinsley, "Ron supports you all the time."

How Sharp became Pied Piper is another story. He teaches soccer to children in Miami and Fort Lauderdale grade schools, as part of a Toro off-season community-relations program. His students howl at his accent and ooh at his footwork. "I think you're cute," come the notes from 8-year-old girls. In a game he invented, he dribbles the ball while three youngsters try to steal it. If they do so inside 20 seconds Sharp has to do 20 push-ups. Of course, he can plan how many he will have to do, but he admits, "I let the girls steal the ball, so the boys will try harder."

At first, Sharp went to the schools alone, showing instructional films and talking soccer. Finally other Toros joined him, and in 13 months they have demonstrated and taught soccer skills to more than 150,000 kids. But there is only one Pied Piper, or as Greg Myers says, "Ron's the first link between the team and the community." In April, after one of his classes, a soccer father told Sharp, "You won't believe it, but my son goes to school with his soccer cleats on," which is the kind of thing Ronnie Sharp likes to hear.

"I go to the school because I love kids," he says, "not because I have to. I love it when they shout my name. That's the best thing about this country, you come here a nobody, you work hard and you get respect."

Hard work is nothing new for Sharp,

continued

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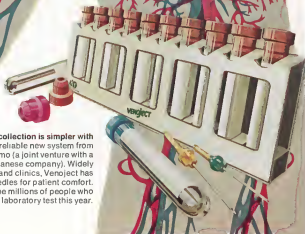
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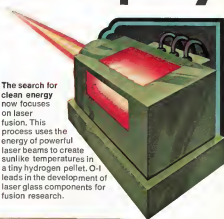


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but respect is very new, from without and within. Only four years ago he was languishing on Cowdenbeath, a second-division team in Scotland, earning \$25 a week. He was unmistakably gifted, but his heart was not in the game, or in anything. He had joined Gamblers Anonymous, out of desperation. Name the game—casino, pitching pennies, the horses—he played it. He was in debt, but his wife of 3½ years had recently divorced him because, he admits, "She couldn't stand the uncertainty. I got my football wages at nine Thursday night, my bus left at 9:30 and sometimes I had to borrow the fare."

Sharp also worked the 6 a.m. shift in a coal mine. Most of the men in his family had been miners, and like them he appeared headed for black lung, or a disabling injury. At 17, in fact, while working beside a friend he calls "Huggins," he heard a rumble and saw the shaft overhead give way, killing Huggins and leaving his eight children fatherless. Sharp left immediately and never returned—so that mine, at least. He held non-mining jobs, too, washing windows, delivering coal, construction . . . "about a hundred of them," he says.

While with Cowdenbeath, Sharp practiced evenings, coal dust burning in his eyes, and played games on Saturday. One day former Toro coach John Young came through on a scouting trip. When Sharp heard "Miami," he said to Young, "Take me and you'll never be sorry. I'll run my heart out for you." Young gambled, Sharp promised not to—and his life really began. As he says, "I never took football seriously before I came to Miami."

Now, in his third season with the Toros, Sharp has yet to miss a game. He did have to leave one, though, in 1973, after breaking his nose, and he was mortified. So when he broke it again in the next game he decided to keep playing. His teammates held him down and the doctor put a towel between his teeth while he straightened the nose. "The blood was running," Sharp recalls, "the bones were cracking and I thought my head was going into the stands. But I stayed in the game." And that is taking his job seriously.

But anything is better for Ronnie Sharp than not playing. He has this thing about sitting on the bench.

"He plays with all kinds of pain," Trainer Chuck Gross says, shaking his

continued

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SOCCER *Continued*

head, grinning. He likes Sharp. All the Toros do, be they British, American, Trinidadian or non-English-speaking Latins. To converse with the latter, Sharp taught himself basic Spanish. With a Scottish burr it is impossible to put on paper, but a treat to the ear. Sharp initiates most of the Toros' card games with, "¿Tu quieres au juego Canasta?" And his Spanish is improving every day. How else could he speak with Guadalupe Rodriguez, whom he calls Lupita, his bride of two months?

They met early last year, in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, when Sharp was playing three games for the city's first-division team. He stayed five weeks, until the Toros' season began, returning last Christmas with serious intentions. He wanted to speak with Lupita's father, Don Quentin Rodriguez, and after three weeks a meeting was arranged. Now Sharp was nervous. "Don Quentin is a hard man," he says. "He never takes a vacation, he works 16 hours a day, and he carries a gun."

Four of Lupita's seven brothers came to the meeting, because, Sharp says, "They were afraid he would do something to me, and when Don Quentin came into the room he paced up and down for half an hour. He was mad. He didn't even know me and I was taking his daughter. Finally he asked me if I loved her, and I said, 'Yes,' and then he said, '¿Cómo?'"

"I said 'April,' and he said, 'Ya bien.' I thought the brothers' eyes would pop out of their heads."

The wedding was on April 12. Don Quentin Rodriguez bought the entire front pages of both San Luis Potosi papers for wedding pictures. There were 10 violinists at his house beforehand, and they came to the cathedral, where there were 600 guests and a full orchestra, for the ceremonies.

Three days after their wedding the newlyweds were back in Miami for the season opener. The following Sunday morning Don Quentin phoned from Mexico. He had an orchestra with him, and he wanted to know what song they wanted to hear. They chose *The Impossible Dream*. For Ronnie Sharp, a soccer star in Miami with children shouting his name, a former gambler with money in his pocket, with a beautiful new wife from a wealthy family, and no need to work in the mines ever again, it was an estimable choice.

END

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What's China's

On the final day in Shanghai, the last stop before Peking, the American track and field party was taken cross-town in a caravan of honking buses to the Lu Wan district Children's Palace for what, except for one moment, was the most warming occasion of the trip. As passersby crowded around (a single foreign face can tie up an intersection



track?

in most of China), the children met the buses at curbside, smiling and clapping their hands. Each disembarking American was taken in tow by a Chinese boy or girl who grabbed a hand and became a personal escort for the next couple of hours. "American friends," they called us through interpreters. "American aunts and uncles," they called us.

The slogan "friendship first, competition second" greeted our team, but there may have been other goals behind the warmth by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Inside, we were taken through a cornucopian children's world of table tennis, badminton, ringtossing, tree-house climbing and simulated bicycle racing; through busy art classes and bustling handicraft shops; and into ready-to-roll music recitals. Through the courtyards and up and down the four-story building, through one happy room after another



China's track?

continued

other, we over-sized human vessels were tugged and nudged along by our tiny nephews and nieces.

I was told by one interpreter that they were no more than garden variety Chinese neighborhood kids, getting two extra hours of school fun a day. But our own faithful interpreter Sun Chen-kao—escort for the International Travel Service, devout Ping-Ponger, card-carrying Communist Party member and friend of the oppressed working press, who I believe would swallow his tongue before calling less than 12 a dozen—told me they were children who had earned the privilege. Many districts, he said, had children's palaces. My own little escort held my forefinger like an affectionate crab, directing me to preferred seating at the mini-recitals and fetching me the paddles and balls to play the games with. I showed him snapshots of my children, and let him take pictures with the expensive camera I carried. He thanked me profusely.

Then, toward the end of this extraordinary interlude, the American athletes and officials were brought to a small auditorium and given the usual cups of green tea in which the leaves float like hyacinths. The finale, presented on a small stage at one end of the room, was a special performance of singing and dancing groups, each little entertainer rouged and costumed in colorful prerevolutionary styles no longer fashionable (or acceptable) in gray-uniformed, baggy-panted socialist China. Ordinarily no interpretation was necessary beyond the titles of the numbers. They followed familiar inspirational themes—factory workers uniting to serve the masses, Little Red Guards routing the revisionists, tractor drivers pushing the Communist cause to glory, usually under the steam of a sentence or two from *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*.

The showstopper was a soloist, a pretty, wide-faced girl no more than 12, fully made up and dressed in bright red brocade. She hit all the high notes and gestured artfully and with great expression. It would have passed as just another delight for the senses, except for a longtime China watcher in our group, a man who speaks the language. He told me the history of her song. It is called *Taiwan Compatriot*, he said, a song about the long-awaited overthrow of the Republic of China on Taiwan. The key words, "We shall certainly liberate Taiwan," were delivered with an up-raised fist. It was the song, he said, that had been added belatedly to the repertoire of the Chinese Performing Arts Troupe, forcing the U.S. State Department to cancel that group's tour of America last March. The State Department found it embarrassing in view of the U.S.'s own uncle-nephew relationship with Taiwan.

What to make of this? Looking for footholds on a bare mountain after a mere 15 days in China, it would seem not much. After all, it was only a small if passionate plug for nationalism that went almost wholly unnoticed or, perhaps, a tiny rebuke of a precipitous American slight, or, conceivably, it had no significance at all. Even if there was an ulterior motive for the inclusion of the song in the Shanghai recital, it is excusable enough for a social order that is still skittish, if not paranoid, about invading influences and in which every avenue of expression—movies, plays, operas, sports—is hyped with the numbing repetition of revolution-

ary propaganda. In light of the overall good and the overwhelming (and I think genuine) friendliness surrounding the invasion-by-invitation of 95 American track and field athletes and officials, apparently not much should be made of the incident.

Yet the People's Republic of China as a government of Orwellian controls and restrictions is nothing if not calculating. "Calculate everything, distrust everyone," is the theme of China's relations with the world, a State Department man had said in Hong Kong. (I find two notes, otherwise unrelated, in my diary of the trip: Chang, another interpreter and an aspiring party member, telling me that the Russians were definitely out to get the Chinese. "They are revisionists, capitalists and imperialists," he said. "They want to make China a colony"; and Sun telling me in more subdued tones that they were still digging bomb shelters in Peking. "Chairman Mao says to 'dig in deeper,'" he said.)

The Republic of China on Taiwan has been a boil on the People's Republic's right hip for 25 years, ineradicable by any military means short of a massive, mutual bloodbath. Bloodbaths are considered repugnant in these days of Ping-Pong diplomacy and détente. If athletics are not the cutting edge of this new diplomacy, they are at the very least a recognized tool, another means to the end. The Republic of China has been booted out of the United Nations and now is being treated as summarily in the sports world. I am reminded of what Tung Yi-wan of the All-China Sports Federation told this magazine (SI, Sept. 24, 1973) after the Ping-Pong visits of 1972. "Now things are much better than before the Cultural Revolution. People have a better understanding that they can promote their health and thus build socialism through sports," he said.

So I search for voices to accompany the pretty little soloist in Shanghai. They are not hard to find. In a stadium filled with 10,000 sweltering Cantonese I am taken into the stands by an interpreter named Chiong for a "spontaneous" interview. Of all those people in agrarian South China, he happens upon a medical intern sitting next to a student of philosophy, the latter an animated 23-year-old woman named Chen Hui-gan. Chen not only perceives the great warmth and friendliness of the occasion but sees it as part of a natural progression: "Following the revolutionary line in physical culture."

The coach of the Chinese regional team the Americans ran against in Canton as a fit, graying man of 40 named Ou Wei-tan. He is dressed in an all-red sweat suit. When I ask Ou what the Chinese track and field intentions are and what his hopes might be concerning Olympic participation, he says, "The Chinese athletes would be very glad to take part in the Olympics—to increase our friendship with foreign athletes and to raise our standards of performance. But we are opposed to the two-China policy [of the International Olympic Committee]. We think the People's Republic of China that represents 800 million people can represent the whole of China."

He then outlines briefly the ways in which the People's Republic has been gearing up in track and field, a sport to which it has given scant attention in the past. He talks of

an accelerated program that has brought in many new coaches "in the last five or six years." I ask him to what purpose. "We follow Chairman Mao's teaching," he says. "Serve the people."

Before the second day of competition in Shanghai, we are given the chance to talk with two young women competitors, an 18-year-old javelin thrower named Li Hsia and a 19-year-old discus thrower named Wang Tan. They are rare items in the "friendly competition"—Chinese winners. They say they have trained at athletic schools in separate districts and that they have attended them twice a week for two years with 70 or 80 fellow students and three or four coaches. I ask Li why they have these schools. "For the purpose of promoting friendship," she says in a very soft voice, "and winning honors for the motherland."

I ask Wang if she would like to participate in the Olympic Games one day. She looks at Li and then at their coach, a handsome, strong-faced woman in middle age. The coach is smiling. "It is not a matter of her liking to," says Li, "because the leaders of the Olympic Committee pursue a policy of two Chinas."

"What if they change the policy?" I ask.

"Yes," she says, smiling broadly. "We would like it then."

At the Summer Palace in Peking, over a lunch of *rou-se* *ssien*, *tang swan yu* (sweet and sour fish) and bottles of orange pop called *ju-ai shui* that are as prevalent on Chinese tables as green tea, we are at last permitted to speak with Ni Chih-chia, the recently retired 7'6" high jumper who is chairman of athletics for the All-China Sports Federation. We talk with him while we eat at the Pavilion for Listening to Orioles and then on a palace excursion boat on Kunming Lake, where the view of Longevity Hill and the Hall That Disperses the Clouds takes the breath away.

Ni is a quick-witted garrulous man of 32 who is obviously well thought of. Before our interview, we had been told he was "too busy" to talk, though we had seen him standing around a lot with his arms crossed. (His superior, Minister of Sports and former world Ping-Pong champion Chuang Tse-tung, proved "too busy" for the duration, despite my formal letter requesting an audience. In Peking it is easier to get a tennis game with U.S. Liaison Officer George Bush, who is in effect our ambassador to China, than it is to cadge an hour with Chuang.)

Ni wears a blue Western-style shirt, sleeves rolled up, and gray pants. He chain smokes as he talks. I ask him whether he would highjump in the Olympics in 1976 if the Chinese were admitted.

"Ah-ah-ah," he says, grinning so that his agate eyes disappear into the glare of his horn-rimmed glasses. "I am getting older and older, and the height of my jumps gets lower and lower."

He says that he is a conservative when it comes to the pace of China's sports development, that it could be 10 years before the Chinese work themselves up to world standards. "Maybe by 1980 in some events," he says. "But by that time I will be much too old." He points out that the Chinese are still "groping" for maturity, experimenting with numerous young athletes and that they need specialized

training, particularly in the middle- and long-distance races and in the weight events.

"Maybe tomorrow," says Bob Gagengack, the American coach, who is listening in.

"I hope so—and maybe then we will beat you in one or two events," says Ni.

"Friendship first, competition second," Gagengack says, smiling.

"We have already achieved friendship first," says Ni, and laughs aloud.

On our way off the excursion boat, through the everpressing crowds of curious Chinese, I ask Ni if he might not attend the '76 Olympics in Montreal as a qualified observer.

"It depends on the environment," he says.

I know what he means, but I press for an explanation.

"It depends on whether the IOC expels the Chiang Kai-shek clique," he says.

Was the U.S. track and field visit laden with overtones against the other China on Taiwan? With acrimonious Olympic dialogue? No. On the contrary, these were rare moments in a tour that concentrated on fun and games. In the coaches-to-coaches sessions the Chinese obviously relished, they did not want to discuss the Olympics at all, though at that moment the IOC was meeting in Switzerland to decide the fate of the country's application, which had been submitted with the proviso that the Republic of China be expelled. As it turned out, the decision was postponed indefinitely, no victory for the mainland Chinese, but hardly a comfort to the government on Taiwan.

Ni's last words to me were far from contentious. He expressed the hope that "the athletes and people of China and the U.S. be friendly forever." It was a typical sentiment, toasted at banquets in all three cities and heralded on the slogan boards that dominate—in place of neon lights—the Chinese urban scene ("Learn from Each Other to Improve Sportsmanship"; "Long Live the Friendship Between the Chinese People and the Athletes of the Various Peoples of the World"). This sentiment should not be entirely disbelieved.

Still, it seems reasonable to assume that the continuing shrinkage of the Republic of China's international ties, not friendship on the tracks and Ping-Pong tables of the world, is the most important P.R.C. goal. In pursuing that end the People's Republic has surely found a tool in athletics. Its approach has become familiar: the P.R.C. applies for admission to an international sports body, or athletic event, claiming to be the "rightful representative of 800 million Chinese" and stipulating that the 15 million citizens of the Republic of China be disassociated. As the argument goes, Chiang and his followers botched their chance to rule mainland China, and the people kicked them out. Consequently, the R.O.C. does not deserve recognition in anything, anywhere. The wheels turn, and out goes Chiang's China. In May of last year the International Weight Lifting Federation ousted the Republic of China and admitted the P.R.C. So did the International Fencing Federation. The basketball, table tennis, volleyball and badminton federations accepted the P.R.C. without balloting because the

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China's track?

continued

Republic of China was not represented in those bodies. Last June the International Football [soccer] Federation accepted the People's Republic and terminated the R.O.C.'s membership by a simple majority vote, the three-fourths vote necessary for certification has not been taken.

That same month Dr. Harold W. Henning of Naperville, Ill., president of the International Amateur Swimming Federation, visited China. Or Henning came away unconvinced that making room for the P.R.C. was tied inextricably with expelling the Republic of China. Under fire, Dr. Henning held firm. Three months later the P.R.C. sent a large delegation of swimmers to the Asian Games in Tehran anyway and in an 11th-hour move, withdrew its objection to the R.O.C.'s participation. At the same time the P.R.C. reiterated its complaint against "the conspiracy vainly attempting to create 'two Chinas,'" in international sports organizations.

Dr. Henning's steadfastness, though applauded in the U.S. and a few other places, has not been imitated elsewhere. Ireland's Lord Killanin, president of the IOC, has said he is "sympathetic to the Chinese as long as they do not try political pressure" to bump the R.O.C. Lord Killanin has not yet been denounced with the vitriol the mainland Chinese laid on the late Avery Brundage (they called Brundage's mind "obsolete"), but Teng Hsiao-ping, vice-premier of the P.R.C., told Canadian journalists in October that "as long as the Olympic movement does not deny the rights of Taiwan, we will not enter." As a little gray-haired English-speaking professor at Peking University who is a former Brooklyn resident ("And how is Mr. Pee Wee Reese?" he wanted to know) said, when asked if he thought Communism and capitalism were compatible, "Time will tell." In view of the way the tide has been running, the odds of a swing in the Olympic vote, says one U.S. official, "appear to favor the P.R.C."

Is this to say that the visit of 95 Americans, the largest group of "friendly competitors" yet to enter China, was not friendly after all but a guise, well-programmed subterfuge? By no means. You cannot fake at ground level the kind of outpouring of amity the Chinese exhibited. From the first day in Canton, when an American runner getting off the train thought he was walking into a rainstorm, only to find he was hearing the clapping hands of Chinese athletes lining the way, the good will came down in buckets. The wooing of the Americans was profound, and even if programmed from above, it came across in genuine and generous proportions.

Interestingly enough, if the mainland Chinese participate in the Olympics any time soon, it is unlikely that they will be a big winner. Despite that mass of humanity, there has been no great leap forward in track and field in China. A precipitous entry—in 1976, say—could be a national disgrace. As the Americans won event after event in China, Ouck Buerkle, the intense, likable distance runner with the glistening head of skin who completed an unusual triple by winning the 5,000 meters in Canton, the 1,500 in Shanghai and the 10,000 in Peking, said, "I know this must be embarrassing for them, and you can tell it hurts, but they keep on clapping."

Not all of them kept on clapping. In the official's box in Peking Ni watched the last rout, turned to a new-found American friend and blurted, "You'd think with 800 million people we could find a couple of distance runners." He complained of "not enough proper training," and "not enough good coaching" and "not enough good facilities." He pointed down to the beautiful artificial track on the modern Peking Stadium floor. Five years ago, he said, some foreigners had advised him that American-made Tartan was the best surface available. He said he wanted to purchase a Tartan track from the U.S. But no. China was proving itself self-reliant. It would solve its own problems. It took four years, he said, to come up with the right formula for an acceptable Oriental surface, a duplicate of Tartan.

By the time the tour hit Peking there was no reason to believe that even the Chinese National team was going to offer any competition. The Americans were not the best capitalism had to offer. Big names—Steve Williams, Marty Liquori, Rick Wohlhuter, Owight Stones, John Powell, Steve Prefontaine (then still alive)—were missing from the roster, and some of those who were on it were names even Stan Saplin, the press liaison officer who prides himself on his knowledge of the sport, had never heard of. Ex-Olympic decathlete Russ Hodge, the athletes' representative for the tour, estimated that no more than 25% of the men in the group would make the U.S. Olympic team.

And still the Americans won and won and won, taking 91 of the 99 events in the three cities. They lost only once in men's competition—when 40-year-old team Co-captain and hammer thrower Al Hall was beaten by three inches on the last throw by a coal miner-electrician named Li Yun-piao. Hall was so elated that he personally escorted Li around the track, holding up the winner's arm and pointing to him proudly. But Li hardly represents a new wave of Chinese athletes. He is 37 years old and his winning throw was 29 feet short of minimum Olympic standards.

The new wave for China will have to be the corps of 50 8-year-olds that followed the Americans from city to city, aping their movements and competing as added surprise starters in almost all events. Egalitarian Chinese propagandists can call them what they will, but they are a hand-picked group drawn from all over China, and in time they will do well.

And they proved that elitism is not dead in China. The chosen 50 are an elite group. The children of the Children's Palaces are an elite group. The meal we journalists treated ourselves to at the Peking Duck Restaurant was certainly not proletarian fare. There were nine in our party, and we were served 11 dishes, including shredded salmon fin that looked like jellied cobwebs but tasted much better. The bill came to 700 yuan or about 400 Yankee dollars. "The Chinese people," said an interpreter at the table, "do not eat this way every day."

Chances are that the average Chinese is unaware such lavish restaurant dinners are still served or that an athletic elite is allowed to exist. Chinese newspapers, like those in many non-democratic countries, are an appalling excuse for journalism—I would be surprised if they weren't, I suppose—and there is no television for the masses, and you

continued

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China's track?

continued

seldom hear radios playing. Except for the privileged few in the stands (few in a relative sense, the crowds being near capacity in every city), not many Chinese could have known what was happening on the tracks during the American visit.

The *Hsinhua News Bulletin*, published in English and disseminated at the hotels, reported that the U.S. athletes were "feted in Peking," that Ni and Bush and other dignitaries were on hand and that "a friendly contest at the Peking Workers Stadium" was held. It did not elaborate on the results. The story of the team's visit to Peking appeared on the last page of the biweekly *Sports* under an inconspicuous headline and included one small picture. Considerably more space was devoted by *Sports* to a picture feature on children engaged in a tug-of-war, a wheelbarrow race and a swimming lesson. You would have thought by reading the Chinese papers that American track and field teams dropped in every day.

It was explained by two Chinese that track and field was not a big thing in their country. I said if that were the case, why were all those people in the stands? Were they summoned? And why were the Chinese working so hard to get into the mainstream of international competition? "To promote friendship," I was told.

That afternoon I had walked around the corner from the hotel to do some shopping and happened by the *People's Daily*, the only Chinese newspaper foreigners are allowed to buy. Curious, I decided to take a look. At the front door a guard with a rifle and bayonet persuaded me easily enough that I should continue my shopping.

After the events that day at the Peking Stadium two Europeans who identified themselves as reporters from Reuters approached the cluster of American journalists seeking names of athletes and results. They were told by a Chinese liaison man that they were not authorized to write about the meet, that only the Americans had authorization, and that they please should just go away. Which, after a mild argument, they did.

I think now that Sun, that unflagging good-humor man ("I am only small people," he would say; "I only do my job," he would say), must have been continually amazed by the six American journalists with the team. We bombarded him daily with individual problems not always consistent with the group schedule. I wonder how often he must have gritted his teeth as, almost without fail, he did our bidding. When the press sits up and does what it is told, there are no problems.

These were things the American athletes had no need to ponder during their joyride through China. They were given a heady look at the wonders Communism in the hands of a genius like Mao Tse-tung can perform for a wretched, exploited people. They saw communes and factories buzzing with productivity, children and young people happily at work and play, and professional men effecting marvelous cures and attaching torn and sawed-off limbs.

On the plane ride home I asked a handful of thoughtful young athletes if they had had time to assimilate what they had seen. Almost all of them said they were impressed. Keith Francis of Boston College, who won the 800 in all three

meets, marveled at "the way the system takes care of the people—feeds them, clothes them. For so many people it's amazing how well it works." Pole vaulter Roland Carter of Houston spoke of the clean streets, the apparent lack of crime. "Maybe they are brainwashed," he said, "but it looks like they've wound up with a pretty darn good country." Long jumper Willye White, a five-time Olympian, said it was a pleasure to see a society "not so wrapped up in material things." She wondered if American jails would be filled with as many children if they were taught to "serve the people" the way the Chinese children are.

Dr. Delano Meriwether, the hematologist-sprinter, called it "the major educational event" of his life. He said he now could appreciate how a society works when survival is paramount. "It's in their personality," he said, "it's in their philosophy. I doubt most Americans could conceive it. I'm too much of an individual to want such a life for myself, but they have achieved relative happiness and are self-supporting, and I can appreciate that."

Dick Buerkle said it was too early for him to tell. "They threw so much at me—propaganda, whatever," he said. "I need a couple of weeks to let it sink in." Buerkle had visited a commune where 23,000 people work. During a tour of the place an Ohion on the team noted that the acreage figured out to be about the same that his father and uncle farmed by themselves with machinery in America. Buerkle said he wondered what mechanization will do to China if it ever comes, or how the Chinese can stop it from coming. "What will they do with all these people then?" he asked. He said the overwhelming friendliness had impressed him, but there were times when he wondered about it, too. Once an interpreter on his bus suddenly had launched into an attack on the U.S. policy regarding Chiang's government. "You must get your troops out," he told me," Buerkle said. "Later I told him I was going to write a story about the trip, and about him. Wow! He got bent all out of shape. After that he was ice cold. So I wonder."

As for the American party, there were times that made everybody wonder, not about the Chinese but about themselves. Could such a motley group find happiness under such conditions and under such leadership? Poor Giegengack suffered from beginning to end. In San Francisco on getaway day he was ruddy criticized by a columnist for everything from his advanced age (68) to the way he wore white socks with his dress clothes. "My wife will like that," Giegengack joked, although he was visibly shaken. "She doesn't like my white socks, either."

On the last day in Peking he was almost left behind, exhausted and sick after a chaotic last-night banquet that was given to honor the Chinese. At the dinner Giegengack had felt compelled to correct the oversights of the American group's leadership and spoke at some length in praise of the lesser American officials, such as team Manager Charley Ruter, and assistants and trainers who had not previously been given credit. He named them all.

They deserved his praise because the U.S. delegation had somehow coped despite a startling lack of planning and coordination. The Chinese had been given *carte blanche* to run the show, and responded by telling the AAU nothing

continued

United States Steel reports on a productive way to feed millions of



Dr. Ernest Sprague displays high protein corn grown at the headquarters of CIMMYT (International Maize and Wheat Improvement Center) near Mexico City.

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This remarkable new corn is now being grown in significant quantities in several countries. American farmers planted some 200,000 acres of it last year. Its potential is enormous. According to Dr. Sprague, "Scientists calculate that with just this corn, plus a few supplementary vitamins, an adult could eat adequately for ten cents a day."

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China's track?

continued

beforehand, not the names of the hotels that the group would stay in, not the departure dates from each city, not even the exact times of the competitions, something top athletes on rigid training schedules should know. AAU President Joe Scalzo, a nice man from Toledo, Ohio who seemed to be in over his head, managed to keep smiling. (AAU Executive Director Ollan Cassell, a track veteran, was left home. "We had to leave somebody behind to run the store," said one AAU man.) Scalzo's speeches—and he never missed an opportunity to give one—left his fellow countrymen squirming in their seats.

The accompanying representatives of the National Committee on U.S.-China Relations, an American group that was primarily responsible for the tour, spent most of their time gawking at the sights and practicing up on their Chinese. They provided a minimum of assistance, and this should be remembered when future trips to China are organized. "You ask 'em an easy question," said Willye White, "and they look at you like you're stupid. But if you ask them a hard one, they can't answer it."

Finally there was the low comedy at the last-night banquet, when the toasting got misdirected and out of hand. It was not really the fault of the athletes, who were due to unwind. The drinks flowed and the subsequent embarrassment was universal. (Even the still-smiling Chinese looked bewildered, though they could chalk it off as educational.) The topper was not the brief postbanquet fishcuffs between two American athletes outside the International Club. On such occasions Americans are almost expected to do that. The most embarrassing moment came before the banquet, when AAU and China Relations officials met to determine what gifts they might give as tokens of appreciation to the Chinese they were about to honor.

An American official, who evidently was sick of passing out AAU flags as presents, at one point suggested he might give out some of his company's three-color ballpoint pens. A China Relations man said he had an even better idea. He suggested they give out AAU tie clasps. Press Liaison Officer Saplin, a veteran of two weeks in China, pointed out to the China expert that the Chinese do not wear neckties. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 2-8

BOBBING—Japanese **GUTS** ISHIMATSU scored a squeaking decision over **Alicia Florida** of Mexico in Osaka to retain his WBC lightweight title.

South Korea's **YU JAE DO** won the world junior middleweight title with a seventh-round knockout of South Western of Japan in Kyokyojima, Japan.

DOLF—RAY **FLOYD** came from behind with a first-round hit and 278 total with the \$550,000 Kemper Open and \$50,000 in Charlotte, N.C. Gary Player and John Mahaffey were tied for second, three strokes back.

JADANN **CARNER** shot an even-par 73 for a 213 total in winning the \$50,000 Girl Talk Classic and \$17,000 in Pine Plains, N.Y. Sandra Squash finished an strokes behind.

VINNY GILES of Richmond, Va. routed England's Mark James 5 and 7 to win the British Amateur at Hove, England.

DALE MIDLEY of High Point, N.C. shot an even-par 70-74 total to win the 71st annual U.S. Senior Golf Association championship by five strokes over Edward Mentzer and Lewis Gaskins in Ray, N.Y.

HORSE RACING—**NEED** (\$2,400) and **BRET'S** CITA MP (\$4,800) won the two divisions of the \$112,500 Battle of the Brethren in Lexington, Va. Dale Judd rode **Need** to a 1 1/4-length victory over **Alex Burt**, checking 2:00. For the ride, Bill Houghton was in the reins of **Bret's Cita**, who turned in a 1:19 1/2, finishing 1 1/4 lengths ahead of **Monomachus** (under 2:23).

HORSE RACING—Long shot **AVATAR** (\$28,400), ridden by Willie Shoemaker, held off fast-closing **Fourish Pleasure** to win the \$191,000 Belmont Stakes by a tick, covering the 1 1/4 miles in 2:26 1/4 (under 2:00). Presquevoir's **Master Derby** was third.

Horse-owned GRUNDY, ridden by Pat Eddery, won the \$322,000 English Derby by three lengths over **Nordesty**, covering the 1 1/4 miles at Epsom Downs in 2:30 1/4.

Leading across all the way, **COLONEL POWER** (\$9,800), Phil Rothstein's riding, was the 1 1/4-mile, \$107,000 Henson Derby at Sportsman's Park in 1:59 1/4, 1/4 of a length over **Madison** of America.

MOTOR SPORTS—**NIKI LAUDA** of Austria won his third straight Formula 1 race in the 200-kilometer Swedish Grand Prix in Epsom at Anderstorp. Carlos Reutemann was second, 4.3 seconds back; Mario Andretti and Marc Genéaux collected their first Grand Prix points of the season by placing fourth and fifth respectively.

ROGGER—**NASEL**, The Terni Bay Riders' second first place from Mayers in the Eastern Division was a 3-4 triumph in the Orange Bowl, Derek Southard of the Riders' scoring the only goal. In another tight race, Seattle, with a 2-1 record, moved into a tie with Vancouver (1-2) atop the Western with 60 points each. Second-place Los Angeles won 1-1, charging at its apogee during the season. In whipping San Jose 2-1, the Azules set a club record for goals scored, and Los Angeles tied a Los Angeles team mark for points during one game, picking up six with two goals and two assists. Central leader St. Louis maintained its previous lead despite a 1-2 overtime loss to second-place Dallas, which was 20 points in the over and tied with Denver. Boston climbed to first in the Northern with a win and a loss, while three teams (New York, Toronto and Hartford) were clumped together behind the Montrealers.

ASL **CONCEPTS** was coupled with Cleveland's loss enabled the Comets to move within a point of the Cosmos in the Midwestern Division. The Cosmos defeated Boston 3-1 as Gordy Long Gray made his debut. Conceptual, playing his first game, scored 4-0. In largest of the season, New Cleveland 4-2. Yankee Dean Rueter, a member of the U.S. Olympic team, scored the winning goal midway through the second half. Pittsburgh will have made its first win column, having to the New Jersey Devils 2-1. Rocco Bopko of the Bruins pulled a goal and rebound on another.

SWIMMING—**BIRGIT TREIBER**, 15, of East Germany shaved .21 off the world record for the 200-meter backstroke, turning in a 2:16.19 during the national championships in Wiesbaden-Pöschel, East Germany. The former mark was set by Nancy Gunzick of Canada at Agnet. Another East German star, ULRICH TALKER, bested the 400-meter individual medley mark by 2 with a 4:22.4 at the same meet. Tauber's previous record was set during last year's European championships.

TRACK & FIELD—**Jamison DON QUARRIE** topped **STEVE WILLIAMS** by inches in the 220 as both men were clocked in a world-record 19.9 during the Steve Prefontaine Classic in Eugene, Ore. Toronto Smith set the old record of 20.0 in 1966. Quarrie was timed at 19.8 for the 200 meters.

UTEP was the NCAA championship, amassing 55 points to surpass UCLAs 42, at Provo, Utah (under 2:00).

ROSELYN BRYANT ran the 220 in 23.2 in the Central AAU meet at the University of Oregon to set an American record. The previous mark of 23.3 was held by Mabel Ferguson.

VOLLEYBALL—**IVA** Stanislaw Goculank of Poland, the playing leader of the Soviet Barbara Spivak who leads an overrider, absorbed 2,782 loose balls in Robertson Gym with his spectacular saves and spike sets in leading his team to a 12-9, 9-12, 12-15, 12-15, 12-6 victory over the Los Angeles Stars. The Spivaks also handed the San Diego Breakers their only loss against two wins, 12-1, 12-5, 10-12, 10-13, 12-5. Southern California split two contests, beating El Paso-Juarez 9-12, 12-10, 12-9, 12-9 as Tomi Todorov and Tony Crabbe provided the offensive edge, while beating the Pensacola 12-8, 12-7, 6-12, 12-6.

MILFORDS—**DISAPPROVED**: By NBA Commissioner Lawrence D'Ercole, the New York Knicks' contract with George McGovern, the grounds that the draft rights to the long Forward still belong to the Philadelphia 76ers. D'Ercole further ordered that the Knicks forfeit their 1975 first-round draft pick. In other news, club owners voted to ban the Atlanta Hawks \$400,000 for signing Larry Erving three years ago, while Atlanta had the right to ban Atlanta also must give up two second-round 1978 draft picks.

NAMED: **GRAMHAM M. HALL** of Larchmont, N.Y., as the U.S. Naval Academy's first civilian sailing director.

NAMED: Philadelphia Flyer defenseman **TED HARRIS**, 38, as head coach of the Minnesota North Stars.

SIGNED: All-American **TOM MCHELLIN** of Maryland to a five-year contract by the Buffalo Braves. The No. 1 draft choice of the Braves a year ago, the 6'11" McChellin made the first year studying on a Rhodes scholarship at Oxford and playing basketball on weekends for Bologna in the Italian League.

SIGNED: Soccer superstar **FELIX** to a reported three-year, \$4.5 million contract by the NASL New York Cosmos.

TRADED: 5'11" San Antonio Spur **SWEN NABER**, the ABA's Rookie of the Year in 1973-74, to the New York Nets for 9'3" Forward **LARRY KJONIN**. In an associated deal the Nets sent Guard **MIKE GALL** to the Spurs for an undrafted amount of cash.

TRADED: Guard **BUTCH BEARD**, a starter on NBA champion Golden State, to Cleveland to complete a trade made two weeks ago that sent Cleveland Forward **DWIGHT DAVIS** to the Warriors for two draft picks.

CREDITS

14, 17—**Johnston**, Jerry Costa, 16, 19—**John Johnston**, 20—**John Johnston**, 21—**John Johnston**, 22—**John Johnston**, 23—**John Johnston**, 24—**John Johnston**, 25—**John Johnston**, 26—**John Johnston**, 27—**John Johnston**, 28—**John Johnston**, 29—**John Johnston**, 30—**John Johnston**, 31—**John Johnston**, 32—**John Johnston**, 33—**John Johnston**, 34—**John Johnston**, 35—**John Johnston**, 36—**John Johnston**, 37—**John Johnston**, 38—**John Johnston**, 39—**John Johnston**, 40—**John Johnston**, 41—**John Johnston**, 42—**John Johnston**, 43—**John Johnston**, 44—**John Johnston**, 45—**John Johnston**, 46—**John Johnston**, 47—**John Johnston**, 48—**John Johnston**, 49—**John Johnston**, 50—**John Johnston**, 51—**John Johnston**, 52—**John Johnston**, 53—**John Johnston**, 54—**John Johnston**, 55—**John Johnston**, 56—**John Johnston**, 57—**John Johnston**, 58—**John Johnston**, 59—**John Johnston**, 60—**John Johnston**, 61—**John Johnston**, 62—**John Johnston**, 63—**John Johnston**, 64—**John Johnston**, 65—**John Johnston**, 66—**John Johnston**, 67—**John Johnston**, 68—**John Johnston**, 69—**John Johnston**, 70—**John Johnston**, 71—**John Johnston**, 72—**John Johnston**, 73—**John Johnston**, 74—**John Johnston**, 75—**John Johnston**, 76—**John Johnston**, 77—**John Johnston**, 78—**John Johnston**, 79—**John Johnston**, 80—**John Johnston**, 81—**John Johnston**, 82—**John Johnston**, 83—**John Johnston**, 84—**John Johnston**, 85—**John Johnston**, 86—**John Johnston**, 87—**John Johnston**, 88—**John Johnston**, 89—**John Johnston**, 90—**John Johnston**, 91—**John Johnston**, 92—**John Johnston**, 93—**John Johnston**, 94—**John Johnston**, 95—**John Johnston**, 96—**John Johnston**, 97—**John Johnston**, 98—**John Johnston**, 99—**John Johnston**, 100—**John Johnston**.

FACES IN THE CROWD



ERIN SWEENEY, 16, of New Orleans, pitched by St. Anthony of Padua girls' indoor softball team to its second straight CSAL city championship. Erin is unbeaten in three years of league play (21-0), has averaged 10 strikeouts per game and hit .325 this season.



MARVIN BERZ, 37, a senior on Northwestern's golf team, is the oldest athlete competing at a major university. He played the team with a pair of 77s in the Illinois Intercollegiate Tournaments. Berz is finishing his education, which was interrupted by World War II.



LINOBERT BERMAN, a junior at Wilson High in Broomfield, Ore., took her third straight state high school girls' singles tennis title, defeating Robin Lucy 7-6, 6-0, 7-6. Lindsey, also city champion for the past three years, has a 2-0 singles record as No. 1 for Wilson.



TONY SMITH, a 14-year-old pitcher at Trexler School in Richlands, N.C., led his team to a conference championship with a 6-1 record and a 1.83 ERA. He gave up no hits and struck out 97 in 39 1/3 innings. Tony hit .631, with 42 RBIs and seven home runs.



DON PASCOE, a senior at Baker High in Baldwinville, N.Y., ran a 4:12 mile and a 1:52 half in the Glenn D. Locks games at White Plains. Finishing third in the mile and second in the 800, he recorded the fastest "double" in an state history, with only an hour between races.



PAULA DITTMER, 17, of Huntington Beach, Calif., was named most valuable woman player of the USVBA Championships in Reno. The 5'9 1/2" Paula is a hard-hitting, high-jumping spiker who at the Addicks Volleyball Club, which will be the junior national team.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

WAR CRISIS

Sir:

This time you really blew it! I can't believe it! Golden State pulls the biggest upset in pro basketball history, and you guys stick Billy Martin on the cover (June 2). To add insult to injury, you had only a two-page article about the best team (*The Warriors Were Bulletproof*). A cover showing Rick Barry, Keith Wilkes, Clifford Ray—any of the hustling, determined Warriors—would have been more appropriate.

H. NEAL DOUGHTY

Sullivan's Island, S.C.

Sir:

We knew that the Warriors were under-rated, but did you have to keep them that way? After their spectacular four-game sweep over the Bullets to win the NBA championship, we feel they deserve more than one photo and four columns of text, and they certainly should have had their picture on

the cover. How typical of Eastern snobbery to ignore our Golden State!

SUSANNA CRYMES

JANICE KANE

Oakland, Calif.

Sir:

Golden State may have been bulletproof, but your coverage sure had a lot of holes.

JAY MOOREHEAD

Livonia, Mich.

STAND-UP GUY

Sir:

Though your readers usually discuss the articles of previous weeks in 19TH HOLE, I feel that your staff and contributing photographers make your magazine the catholic sports weekly that it is. My congratulations go to Walter Ioss Jr. for his remarkably perceptive cover shot of Billy Martin.

ANGUS G. GARBER III

Wilbraham, Mass.

Sir:

The stunning impact of Frank Deford's excellent article *Lore, Hate and Billy Martin* (June 2) is obvious. He has, in the course of 11 pages, converted me, a Baltimore Oriole fan, from a Billy Martin hater to a Billy Martin admirer. Deford presented a genuine insight into the heart and soul of Martin, both on and off the field.

MICHAEL A. REACHARD

York, Pa.

Sir:

Frank Deford was too easily swayed by Martin's B-movie macho.

RICHARD B. BARTHELMEIS

New York City

Sir:

My compliments. In this era of fogbound May hockey games, \$1 million contracts for unproven rookies and \$10 sports tickets, there is a warm spot in my heart for such

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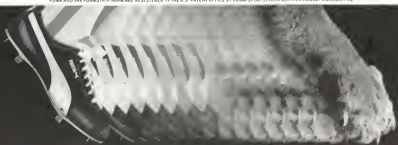


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things as the bargain bleachers of Wrigley Field and scrappers like Billy Martin who are willing to stand up for their beliefs. Martin has had more than his share of controversy over the years, but his ability to motivate players and mold them into a cohesive unit is exceptional.

PETER J. FRIEDEN

Palisades Park, N.J.

Sir:

Billy Martin has helped bring truth and honor back into prominence. By being himself, this stand-up guy has injected needed excitement into baseball. Once again we can dream of game-winning rallies and long fly balls—and people caring.

WILLIAM H. FULLER JR.

Miami

OUT OF THE FOG

Sir:

Every time you people write an article about Buffalo, you criticize the weather or the hapless teams we have put together or something else you sophisticates think up (*They Didn't Have the Foggiest in the Finals*, June 2).

I am New York City born and bred, but I have lived in the Buffalo area since 1955 and think it's great up here. Sure, our Auditorium is not air conditioned. Who said the NHL should play hockey in the middle of May, anyway? The only people who want to are the owners, so they can make extra money. Hockey, for your information, is a winter sport, and if memory serves me, it was in the 90s in New York City on those two nights. Why don't you give our three teams credit for making the playoffs in pro football, basketball and hockey this season?

FRANK MARTIN

Cheektowaga, N.Y.

Sir:

To solve a problem one must attack the cause, not the effect. Instead of air conditioning Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium to eliminate fog, why not shorten the National Hockey League season?

JOHN J. HURLEY

Amherst, N.Y.

ON THE WATER

Sir:

As a native of Seattle, I grew up with the "thunderboat bug," so I want to compliment you on the fine article devoted to the one sport that exceeds all others in excitement, unlimited hydroplane racing (*Barren by the Bay Boat Race*, June 2).

When I recently moved to California, I was confronted with other "exciting" sports. During the month of May alone, I heard Sid Collins talk about the Indy 500 as the "greatest spectacle in auto racing." Howard Cosell expounded on the Kentucky Derby as "the

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19TH HOLE *continued*

most exciting two minutes in horse racing," and Oscar Robertson "ooh and ah" his way through the "most exciting NBA finals." But after one has experienced the feeling that comes from watching half a dozen thunderboats roaring down the straightaway at 150 to 170 mph for the start of a heat, drivers jockeying for position, roostertails flaring, in a classic confrontation of man vs. machine laced with the anticipation that something catastrophic might happen at any second, all other sports must stand aside.

PAUL TWIDY

Pleasanton, Calif.

AIRBORNE

Sir:

There are more than 700,000 general-aviation (non-airline) pilots today who can empathize and simultaneously escape with *The Great Waldo Pepper*, no thanks to Mark Donovan's review of this superb film (*MovieTalk*, May 26). Donovan has unwittingly reinforced the anti-aviation biases of the non-pilot public. And with Congress introducing bill after bill to cripple general aviation, city after city legislating against airport growth and improvement and most of the non-flying public yelling, "Down with all those noisy little expensive toys," we can do without lackadaisical movie reviews that, through innuendo, give the wrong impression of today's general-aviation pilot.

The fact is that the 153,000 general-aviation aircraft in this country use only 6% of all aviation fuel, and yet one out of every three intercity air passengers travels on a general-aviation aircraft. Also, 72% of all general-aviation operations (miles and hours) are for business or commercial uses, such as crop dusting. Only 5% of all operations are for sport-flying purposes. My statistics come from the General Aviation Manufacturers Association.

When Donovan states "... respect, admiration, indeed, love for the craft seems foreign to us now," he neglects us general-aviation pilots, and he forgets that in the past 30 years more than 50,000 pilots have built their own airplanes from kits or drawings.

He is correct in saying "today's enormous machines" fly "without heart," but the do-it-yourselfer and other general-aviation pilots will carry the spirit of Waldo Pepper and Charles Lindbergh through eternity.

RON TELTON

Renó

THE MIT WAY (CONT.)

Sir:

Although, in my estimation, John Underwood presented a reasonable look at the MIT athletic program (*Best of Their Brains Out*, May 26), it is unfortunate that he was led to the wrong fraternity house to seek out the athletes of MIT. Lambda Chi was probably the intramural kingpin this year, but no liv-

ing group can come close to matching the intercollegiate participation of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Of the 54 brothers in the house, 44 (81%) participate in intercollegiate athletics. These 44 have accumulated 71 varsity letters. Six of the brothers were captains this year. In the last two years, 12 of the brothers have won MIT's Straight T, the highest athletic award given. On this year's highly rated heavyweight boat, three members are SAEs. On the 1974 NCAA baseball team, seven starters were SAEs.

It is sad that Mr. Underwood was led away, for the best athletes at MIT play intercollegiate, not intramurally.

PETER WOLFGANSKI
President
Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Boston

Sir:

The story was excellent, and the young MIT students you named and wrote about are indeed exceptional. But I think you should have included John Everett, class of '76. He is the only MIT student, past or present, to have won a world championship gold medal, a feat he accomplished as a member of the United States national eight-oared shell that decisively defeated East and West Germany, the Soviet Union, New Zealand and Great Britain in the finals of the world championship regatta at Lucerne, Switzerland last September.

JACK H. FRILEY, MIT '44
Chairman
U.S. Olympic Committee
for Men's Rowing

Concord, Mass.

Sir:

Congratulations to MIT and John Underwood for showing us what a sports program really should be.

DENNIS BARTHOLOMEW

Austin, Texas

KNIR'S STATION

Sir:

We read with interest the exceptionally fine article on Bill King (*Lucky Devil, He Found Heaven*, May 12). However, we would be remiss if we did not point out an error. Since Bill is such a favorite with the Oakland Raiders fans who follow the team on 50,000-watt, clear-channel KNIR Radio 68 out of San Francisco, we wouldn't want them to think he might have switched to a new station, "KNBI" as it appears on page 36 of your article. This August we look forward to both Bill and the Raiders returning for another season on KNIR.

WILLIAM W. DWYER
General Manager
KNIR-AM/FM

San Francisco

continued

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11TH HOLE *(continued)*

FEDAL PUSHERS

Sir,

Thank you for your excellent article on Oregon bicycle paths (*Where All Roads Lead to Ruin*, May 26). I bicycle to school each day, six miles through heavy traffic, one-on-one against each speeding driver, dodging every bus and weaving around every opened car door. Just the thought of all those bicycle paths in Oregon and in Davis, Calif. makes me speculate on how convenient it would be to have as many in Milwaukee. There are some here, but nowhere near enough.

I have heard people say that bicycling is just a fad among environmentalists, but if more people were encouraged to use bikes it would make a difference in the oil consumption and carbon-monoxide production of the United States. Bicycling is fun and good exercise, not too slow, not too fast, and economical. I applaud the people of Oregon for taking the initiative in doing something to preserve their land for a few more years, and I hope that citizens of the other states will follow in their path.

TERESA PIER JR.

Milwaukee

ALF'S TACTICS

Sir,

I have always enjoyed the "manly art of self-defense," but after yawning through the 11-round Muhammad Ali-Ron Lyke fiasco (*When Right Made Right*, May 26), I must now join the hordes of former fans from the Rocky Marciano-Kid Gavilan-Carmen Basilio era who chant "Boxing is dead!"

EDWARD J. JULIAN

East Lynn, Mass.

Sir,

If both boxers in a ring used Muhammad Ali's tactics, what kind of fight would one see? For a long time Ali was the greatest to me. But after seeing him make a game out of a serious sport, I no longer feel the respect for him that I once did.

I have to admire Ron Lyke for being wise to Ali's tactics. No wonder Lyke was tired and worn out by the 11th round. He had been trying to win all the way and to make a fight out of Ali's farce.

J. LUF CASE

Logan, Utah

Sir,

I agree with Tex Maule that Ali is the best heavyweight fighter in the world.

JIM McELVEA

Briscoe, Ariz.

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